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THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN: PEOPLE OF GRANADA TAKING SHELTER IN WOODEN HUTS AND TENTS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. H. STANIER, BRITISH VICE-CONSUL.



## OUR NOTEBOOK

Mrs. Langtry's dresses for the Princesse Georges are simply magnificent, though not gorgeous. It must have been a labour of love for the great Worth to design costumes for a woman of her mould, and he has well acquitted himself of the task. One walking-dress is of mouse-grey velvet, with narrow gold lines about the skirt and gold embroidery on the tunic. Another is of dark-green velvet, trimmed with the feathers of the Impeyan pheasant, and with a waistcoat composed entirely of its metallic gleaming plumage. One very elegant ball-toilette is of white satin and violet velvet, adorned with violets and pansies; and another has golden foliage on a white velvet ground, with train, sash, and bodice of pale pink trimmed with delicate blush roses and pearls. The Jersey Lily is also patronising the Irish poplin, for this beautiful material enters largely into the composition of one of her handsomest costumes, which may be described as a "harmony in pinks," relieved by the contrast of black and gold *passementerie*.

The late Rev. Frederick Silver, of Norton-in-Hales, whose multifarious collection of curios is about to be dispersed, began getting them together very early in life. Contributions were levied from South Africa and New Zealand while he was still an undergraduate; and when a Curate in a South Bucks parish, he used sometimes to astonish the bucolic mind by exhibiting them in the national school room. The paternal business, of course, afforded facilities for collecting barbaric weapons and costumes; but the catholic taste, which included old oak, old Elzevirs, and Old Masters, was evolved from Mr. Silver's own inner consciousness, and grew with what it fed on. He was a pleasant, kind-hearted man, but did not attain the threescore and ten years of life which those who knew him from his youth up would have expected.

By the death of Lord Aylesford, which took place lately in Texas, the Jockey Club has lost a member, though not a very valuable member. The late Lord, in fact, who was elected to the Jockey Club in 1875, and had at first raced as "Mr. Gillman," belonged, as it were, to a preceding generation; he should have lived in the days when the "First Gentleman of Europe" (afterwards George IV.) and the "first orator of his age" (Charles James Fox) would ride "leader" and "wheeler," respectively, of their own post-chaise to Newmarket; or when the celebrated Colonel Mellish was conspicuous among "bruisers" and betters of reckless sums; or when "Jack" Mytton went on like a madman. He was just too young, moreover, to share notoriety with the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings, against whose Lady Elizabeth there was no end of scandal. The late Earl of Aylesford, indeed, may be said to have been born out of due season; and from that point of view cannot be considered to have died prematurely, though he was but thirty-six. He is reported to have had all the faults of the old school of sporting noblemen; and to have had one of their virtues—open-handed generosity—in a remarkable degree.

Perhaps the most practical attempt ever made to utilise convict labour has been recently adopted in North Carolina. The public school system of that State owns a large quantity of swamp land, which, in its normal condition, is unproductive, and positively pernicious to the health of the community at large. The malefactors who are their country's guests against their will are now occupied in reclaiming these swamps, and as it is a form of labour which does not interfere with anything that the honest, hard-working classes endeavour to earn a living by, their time and strength are being turned to the best possible account.

Liège is neither a fashionable nor a musical town, but there are a great many poor in it, for whose benefit, from time to time, the neighbouring nobility endeavour to get up concerts and other entertainments, the proceeds of which go to local charities. The latest thing of the kind was organised by the Comtesse De Mercy d'Argenteau, who is herself a distinguished musician, and it was a concert at which only Russian music was played. The compositions were principally those of MM. Borodine and César Cui, the authors of the "Prisonnier du Caucase," an opera much appreciated at St. Petersburg, but scarcely known elsewhere. César Cui is the son of an officer who, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, was left behind wounded at Wilna, where he recovered and married a Lithuanian lady. In 1835 she became the mother of a boy, who was brought up to the military profession and lightened his severer studies by the love of music. The science of sweet sounds does not afford a livelihood for anyone in Russia, and Colonel Cui is a Professor of Fortification at the Military Academy of St. Petersburg; while M. Borodine, his friend and collaborateur, is Professor of Chemistry at the School of Medicine.

By all means let us discard superstition, let us have no belief in luck, omens, predestination, and so on. But really some things are very odd. We have most of us had something to say lately about Twelfth Night, and this may probably have led to talking about the Fête des Rois, whereupon somebody may have recalled to mind how Francis the First was nearly killed by a certain Comte De Montgomery, in one of the games in which the King delighted to take part at that season; and then somebody else may have remarked how singular it was that that Comte De Montgomery who nearly killed Francis the First, King of France, by accident, should have been the father of the Comte De Montgomery who did kill Francis the First's son, Henry II., King of France, by accident. This was certainly a curious case of "coming events cast their shadows before." Perhaps the story is not true; but there is French authority for it.

The hungry horse-racer who has had no cheer for some time past may now fall to upon the Spring Handicaps, or the chief of them, the entries for which have recently been published. Lovers and haters of horse-racing may deduce what conclusions they please from the fact that, from 1878 to this year, both included, the entries have varied as follows:—Lincolnshire Handicap, 121, 103, 84, 114, 74, 70, 68, 85; City and Suburban, 118, 103, 108, 108, 74, 74, 79, 66; Great Metropolitan, 62, 43, 38, 35, 40, 36, 39, 39; Great Northamptonshire, 64, 51, 45, 42, 41, 41, 38, 36; Newmarket Handicap, 57, 38, 42, 47, 35, 26, 19, 72; and the Chester Cup, 74, 59, 63, 47, 62, 53, 47, 66. The Babraham Plate, instituted in 1883 only, 21, 21, 57; the Crawford Plate, just one year old, 81, 67; and the brand-new Leicestershire Handicap has 85 entries. "Added money" will do a great deal, as some of the entries testify, but the promise of 1000 sovs. on certain conditions has not caused the numbers in the Babraham Plate and Crawford Plate to fulfil those conditions.

There is a very strong feeling in the Emerald Isle that reform in the Irish Poor Law is urgently needed. It might be made very much more effective if better administered, and the poor rates might be reduced, while the paupers would not suffer any diminution of their comforts. The qualifications of nurses for the infirmaries of workhouses are the same as for all other *gardes-malades*—sobriety, cleanliness, and knowledge of their work; but it is said that the only points taken into consideration by the guardians in many parts is whether the applicants for these situations are Catholics or Protestants. This sounds strange in the nineteenth century.

One feels inclined to wonder what manner of men and women the pioneers of Toynbee Hall expect to find in Whitechapel. The permanent residents are pretty much like others, their means of livelihood are local, and they adapt themselves to circumstances. It is quite within the memory of living man that Leman-street was the abode of people of good position, and Prescott-street was inhabited by wealthy Hebrews, who lived in considerable state in the fine, roomy old houses. There will be one distinct advantage when the Toynbee people come to be on local boards and committees—they will not represent property in the neighbourhood, and consequently are likely to be disinterested.

In England we have very little idea of the extent or value of the annual ice crop on the Hudson River. Two days after Christmas the scraping of the ice began, and in many parts the blocks are now being cut and stored in the ice-houses. It is calculated that no less than 10,000 men and boys, 150 steam-engines, and 2500 horses will be employed in the work, and that by the 5th or 10th of February three million tons of ice will be housed. Many of these store places hold from 75,000 to 500,000 tons, and when they are filled, large quantities of ice are stacked all round them, to be carried away by the first shipments. As there is still some dread of a cholera visitation next summer, it is anticipated that the demand for ice will be enormous.

A long time has elapsed since there was a real struggle for the championship at billiards, though the title of champion has been assumed and held by Mr. W. Cook and Mr. John Roberts, jun., successively, for lack of anybody to dispute the claim. There is now, however, a chance that there will be a match for the championship between Mr. W. Cook and Mr. John Roberts, junior; and it may therefore be worth while to make a note of the principal conditions appertaining to a match for the championship. The table must be supplied by one of three firms, and the three are Messrs. Thurston and Co.; Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and Messrs. Cox and Yeman; the pockets must be 3 in. wide (instead of the usual 3½ in. to 3¾ in.) at the "fall"; the fatal "spot" must be 12½ in. (instead of the usual 13 in.) from the face of the top cushion; the diameter of the semicircle in the "baulk" must be 21 in. (instead of the usual 23 in.), or so it is, whether there be any express condition to that effect or not; and the balls must be (as they ought always to be) 2½ in. in diameter.

According to the *Lancet*, everybody seems to be in a bad way, suffering from "melancholia." It was so, we have been told, with poor Grimaldi, the clown; and even with Molière, the wit. Not that we display our atrabiliousness to our neighbour; we keep it for confidential communication between ourselves and our medical men; such as the gentlemen who write in the *Lancet*. But, after all, life for some of us, if not for all, is more than a little calculated to produce "melancholia"; and our cheerfulness, our twinkling eyes, our ready jests, our loud guffaws, are downright hypocrisy. Why, do we not enter life with a cry and leave it either in our last agony or with a sigh of relief? On the other hand, even a writer in the *Lancet*, being presumably human, may suffer from "melancholia," and may write under the influence thereof. Be it remembered, moreover, that the "melancholic" remarks in the *Lancet* appeared just about the time when the festivities of the season were over, and the reaction may be said to have begun, when "puddings was out, pills was in."

Various attempts have been made to light her Majesty's big ships with electricity, but they have hitherto fallen short of success. The Swan and the Brush are systems have been tried on board the Inflexible, but now the Brush incandescent is on its trial in the Colossus. Three Victoria dynamo-machines are employed, and placed well below the water-line, where they are protected by three inches of armour. Each of these machines is capable of producing sufficient electricity to light the whole ship, which is fitted with 380 lamps; and this will leave the power of the other two at liberty for search light purposes. It is believed that the cost will be less than that of oil-lamps.

Compliments and thanks to Mr. Price, a "sweep," of Stoke-on-Trent, who on the 15th inst., it is reported, saved eight boys from drowning, at the risk of his own life. To call a man a "sweep" has hitherto been considered uncomplimentary; henceforth it should cease to be a term of reproach.

Strange are the uses of—advertisement. This is an age in which a novelty is, above all things, sought for by the advertiser in a large way of business; and not only tradesmen and manufacturers, but even professional men, do not scorn to pay for public reference to their crafts. But who would imagine that several of the candidates at the Civil Service and other examinations are not legitimate aspirants, but are dummies entered for the glorification of tutors? Yet it is so. And when we see that Mr. So-and-so passed seventeen pupils, nine in honours, it is disappointing to find that many of these do not intend embarking on the career they have qualified for, but are accomplished scholars put up to show the expertness of their "coach," and attract to him legitimate paying pupils. If our information be correct, some course should be taken to prevent these specimens nominally occupying positions which other hard-working, deserving students actually want, and are kept out of by unfair practices.

The old question of arsenical wall-papers has arisen with fresh life and vigour. There is plenty of correspondence on the subject, and some of the experiences stated are alarming indeed. As no practical result has hitherto been arrived at, and the public appears to have no guarantee for safety by using any particular colour paper, the National Health Society promises to take the matter in hand, and present to Parliament a bill to render the sale of arsenical wall-paper a penal offence. If this should ever reach the House of Commons, it is to be hoped that its clauses will affect the manufacturer rather than the retail dealer. The latter cannot afford to keep a chemist on his premises; the former can, and, as he is the root of the evil, he should be most sternly dealt with.

Photography has already done good service in the causes of philosophy, science—and thief-catching. Now it is going to be utilised as a check on the frauds supposed to be committed by omnibus conductors on the companies employing them. Some ingenious person has invented a machine that takes photographs of the interior of a public carriage every few minutes, so that an accurate estimate may be formed of the numbers inside at almost any period of the day. If the inspector is not satisfied that the returns of the official coincide with his pictures, he can take proceedings in the police court, and produce his photographs as evidence. This, at least, is the theory. In practice, we know that if we move while sitting for a photograph we shall be reproduced in doubles; a fact very compromising indeed for the honest conductor. More than this, young gentlemen escorting their sweethearts to the Zoological Society's Gardens or Madame Tussaud's have now another spirit of vengeance to rise up against them in evidence in a breach of promise case. It is well to be warned—in case the promised instruments come into use—to go alone in such omnibuses as they may be affixed to.

Theatrical "make up" and dresses are now considered as important as literary dialogue or dramatic construction. Artists vie with each other to discover some new form of paint or powder, or novelty in millinery. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, as the Empress Theodora in Sardou's new play, not content with gorgeous costumes that make dressmakers stare and their customers wild with envy, has adopted something hitherto unknown. Her shoes are flat soled, with straps across the instep, while her feet, peeping out, are left naked. This is appropriate to the period of the play, but the invention of having her toes made up with paint and powder is Sarah's very own, and she is entitled to any credit the new departure may command. We have heard of a conscientious Othello who blacked himself all over; he has a disciple in the great French tragédienne.

The Château de Montaigne, where the great French philosopher was born, has been reduced by fire within the last few days to a heap of smoking ruins. The well-known tower called the Library is, however, intact, and people from every part of the Dordogne and Gironde flock daily to see it. For three centuries this curious feudal château belonged to the family of Montaigne. Their patronymic was originally Eyquem, but when the manor came into their possession they adopted its name. They were succeeded by M. Isaac De Ségur, who rebuilt the old boundary walls; and, towards the end of the First Empire, M. Du Buc de Marcuzzi bought it for his son-in-law, who, in process of time, sold it to Baron Curial, from whom, in 1851, it was purchased by M. Magne. This gentleman was a poet and a philosopher, and his dream was to live in communion with the spirit of Montaigne, to frequent his favourite walks, and, finally, to die in the room that had formerly been his. He had his wish, and from that narrow chamber bequeathed the old place to his son-in-law, who is now the Deputy for Bergerac. He added many modern rooms, which are, unhappily, destroyed; and he intends as speedily as possible to rebuild the château as nearly as may be on the original plan.

Strange things happen to promising race-horses. The "savage" Cruiser, after running second for the Criterion Stakes, became the "shocking example" paraded about by Mr. Rarey, the famous horse-tamer, who took him to America, where he died in Ohio, at the age of twenty-three, in 1875; and now we hear of a once-hopeful race-horse that has "gone on the stage," and is, or lately has been, performing at Covent Garden Theatre. This is Somerset, son of The Duke, son of the great Stockwell. Somerset at two years of age, in 1872, won the July Stakes and Molecomb Stakes; ran for the Two Thousand and the Derby in 1873; for the Cambridgeshire, as well as several other races, in 1874; and afterwards took to the "jumping business," going from bad to worse, until he is now reduced to the circus. To such base uses we may come. But even here history repeats itself in a manner; for Chillaby, the "mad Arabian," who was the ruin, or partly the ruin, of poor Mr. Constantine Jennings, member of the Jockey Club, and known as "Dog" Jennings (having purchased "the dog of Alcibiades" in effigy of stone), performed in a circus more than a hundred years ago.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

It has been continually urged, often not without reason, that a French play altered or adapted is a French play spoiled. If, after mature consideration, it is deemed advisable to localise the story, instantly someone discovers how inappropriate are the actions and the actors to the spirit of the scene. If long tirades of unnecessary talk, devised by a Dumas or a Sardou, are left in, the play is voted wordy and dull; if they are boldly omitted, as ill-suited to an English audience, the comedy is said to lose all point and significance. In the case of the first English version of the celebrated "Princesse Georges" of Alexandre Dumas, produced for the sake of Mrs. Langtry, at the Prince's Theatre, the author has not, at any rate, suffered by misrepresentation. There he is as he stands in print—bold, crude, rude, and uncompromising. He has only been tampered with to the extent of charitable omission. His pseudo-scientific theses have been cut down; his sermonettes of doubtful philosophy have been curtailed; the patience of an English audience has been charitably spared, but Dumas could scarcely accuse his translator of any want of reverence. A spade is called a spade in English as in French. Mrs. Langtry has not shirked to do what Aimée Desclée did before her; and we are presented with the mental torture and unalleviated distress of a good and pure married woman who is deceived by a worthless and graceless man. It will remain to be seen how far English audiences relish these social studies. Mrs. Grundy may pride herself that such things may occur in France, but could not possibly happen in England; or she may chuckle over the similarity of the story as applied to one of her own set, and enjoy the scandal immensely. Time will show. Meanwhile, it may be permitted to point out the obvious defects of the play by Dumas now that it has been presented, to all intents and purposes, in its original form. "La Princesse Georges," as a play, is inartistic in more senses than one. Its characters, with one laudable exception, are wholly and almost cruelly unsympathetic. Severine stands alone in a world of falsehood and deceit. She is the good doctor wandering about in a plague-stricken city. Except for her, life as represented to the spectator causes an inevitable shudder. The second inartistic fault is that Dumas is too direct in his utterance, and far too uncompromising in his expression. He tells his story of guilt in the manner of a detective. He uses his servants, male and female, to peep in at doors and to pry at keyholes. There is an atmosphere of the divorce court, and of divorce court evidence in his play. It reeks of the newspaper report. May I venture to say, in connection with so celebrated a writer, that the details illustrating his story are frequently vulgar? The third, and to some the worst fault, is that the play is wholly destitute of comedy interest. There is not a laugh, or even a smile, in the whole play. There is much sermonising, but no fun. The subordinate characters are lay-figures, and our whole interest is absorbed in the mental torture of the good but undeniably weak Severine.

Now the question is, How could these radical artistic defects be remedied without injuring the main principle of the play? Rumour has already declared that this difficult task was, at any rate, attempted; but that, out of respect for Dumas, the revision scheme was on consideration rejected. How if some ingenious playwright had been able to devise a scheme whereby the servants, with their keyhole prying propensities, could be wholly dispensed with? How if the secret of Severine's domestic troubles were conveyed to her in the course of accidental social gossip, and not on the evidence of a waiting-maid dispatched by her to test the truth of an anonymous letter? How if a wholly sympathetic character could have been evolved for an excellent comedian out of the mere suggestion of a Madame De Perigny, and a ripple of laughter could, through him, have been made to lighten the more sombre scenes of the play? Why, with a M. De Perigny of this sort, it is not impossible that even the celebrated daring last line of the play might have been spoken as a counter-blast to the bold statement of the furious De Terremonde that he would kill anyone who dared to come between him and his wife: "By gad, he will be murdering half Paris! I must get him arrested!" In the mouth of a servant, such a sentiment would have shocked any English audience, and it was well to omit it, even to the destruction of the idea of Dumas. But it is possible a blasé, cynical man of the world, such as M. De Perigny might have been, could have spoken such a line not only without offence, but with effect. "The Princess George" remains, as it was intended to be, a one-part play. The whole interest is centred in Mrs. Langtry, whose grace, refinement, beautiful dresses, and what is far more important, advanced strides towards perfection in her profession, will be food for considerable comment for the next few weeks. Industry and persistency have told here as they ever will tell. Determination is on a fair way to conquer. Those who sneered at the ambition of the lady will have reason to alter their opinion; and here, at any rate, Mrs. Langtry has had an opportunity of showing that she has neither miscalculated her strength nor undervalued her enthusiasm. On a more fitting opportunity I shall be able to describe the effect of Mrs. Langtry's acting on a general audience. In a play of bad parts, not even Mr. Coghlan or Miss Amy Roselle can do more than give genuine and generous assistance, but Mr. Coghlan's aid was invaluable in arranging and adorning a most difficult work to handle effectively.

It very often happens that a favourite play revived as an experiment proves to be so successful that it stops the way of novelty. Such is the case with "Barbe Bleue," at the Comedy Theatre, which has never been so well cast as now at any previous performance in this country. To begin with, the music is well known, and that is half the battle. The tunes return familiar to the ear. We know not where we may have heard them—at a dance, at a dinner, or a seaside pier, discoursed by some regimental or local band. Familiarity in music certainly does not breed contempt. And then the cast! Think of hearing in combination the silver-toned and sympathetic Florence St. John, the handsome and dashing F. Leslie, the vivacious Lottie Venne, the inimitable Arthur Roberts—a master of comical expression—and Marius, excellent actor, once more returned to his old trade of comic opera! No wonder, then, that "Barbe Bleue" attracts the lazier set of playgoers to the Comedy. And it is pleasant once more to hear the lyrics of the late, but not quite forgotten, Charles Lamb Kenney, who had a musical ear, a gift not to be despised in the writer of verse, however humble.

Before the week is done, and, unfortunately, also before these lines go to press, the most striking notes of the new dramatic year will have been struck. So I am compelled to be silent on Mr. Mark Quinton's new drama at the Olympic, where its once favourite manageress, Miss Ada Cavendish, will be found, happily restored to health again; on Jane Hading's acting of Frou Frou, which I anticipate with pleasure; and on the "As You Like It" at the St. James's, which doubtless will be very beautiful.

The second of Mr. John L. Child's annual series of dramatic and miscellaneous recitals will take place at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, next Thursday evening. An excellent varied bill-of-fare is announced.

## MUSIC.

Madame Essipoff appeared at last Saturday afternoon's Popular Concert, for the second time this season. Her solo performances on this occasion were in the Romance from the first of Robert Schumann's Pianoforte sonatas, a Caprice by M. Saint-Saëns (based on themes by Gluck), and a study in A minor by Thalberg. In all these, her thorough command over executive difficulties was notably exemplified; above all in the study, the reiterated triplets in which, for each hand in succession, were given with rare distinctness. The lady's manipulative skill was also displayed in Rubinstein's Sonata for piano and violoncello, in association with Signor Piatti. Madame Norman-Néruda was the solo and leading violinist, and Miss Ambler (Mrs. Brereton) was the vocalist. At the evening concert of Monday, Mr. Max Pauer (son and pupil of the eminent Professor, Herr Ernst Pauer) appeared for the first time here, and played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, op. 110, and (for the encore) the same composer's Rondo in G, op. 129—besides having co-operated with Signor Piatti in three of Schumann's "Stück im Volkston," for piano and violoncello, and with that gentleman and Madame Norman-Néruda in Mozart's Trio in C major (No. 7). Mr. Pauer's reception was highly favourable. The concert included Spohr's "Quatuor Brillant," op. 93, finely led by Madame Néruda, and vocal pieces expressively sung by Mlle. M. De Lido; Signor Romili having been the accompanist.

The second of Mr. John Bossey's attractive London Ballad Concerts (the first evening performance of this year) was briefly adverted to by us last week. The selection comprised some national songs of the past and some vocal pieces of the present time, among them two pleasing novelties, "May Margaret," by Mr. Marzials, sung by Miss M. Davies, and "Our Last Waltz," by Mr. Molloy, rendered by Madame Foulblanque. These artists, Mesdames Valleria and Antoinette Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr. B. Foote gave full effect to other interesting portions of the programme, which also comprised violin solos, skilfully played by Madame Norman-Néruda, and some good part-singing by Mr. Venables' choir. Mr. Sidney Naylor was an efficient accompanist. Another afternoon concert was given this week, when a selection of Sir Arthur Sullivan's songs was included in the programme.

A few additional lines may be given in record of last week's performance of Haydn's "Creation" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Burnby. The solo soprano and bass music was finely sung, respectively, by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Santley, the airs, "With verdure clad," by the former, and "Now Heaven in fullest glory shine," by the latter, having been among the special effects of the evening. In the tenor music, Mr. Charles Wade displayed a voice of agreeable quality, although not of great power. The chorus-singing was of that exceptional excellence to which we are accustomed at these concerts. Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," will be performed on Feb. 4.

The English version of M. Massenet's opera "Manon" was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, last Saturday evening with great success. The title-character was sustained by Madame Marie Roze, and the cast was otherwise also an efficient one. The local critics speak in the highest terms of the music and its performance. The work will be given during Mr. Rosa's approaching season at Drury-Lane Theatre (beginning on Easter Monday), and will have to be spoken of in detail in reference to its London performance.

Madame Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, is continuing her interesting performances of Beethoven's works, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The programme of this week's matinée comprised the solo sonatas, op. 28, op. 31 (Nos. 1 and 2), and op. 30 (No. 3), and the Kreutzer sonata—both with violin. Mr. Carrodus was the violinist, Miss O. Elliott the vocalist, and Mr. Libotton violoncellist in the accompaniments to Scotch songs as arranged by Beethoven.

Mr. A. V. Benham gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday afternoon, when his programme included a selection of classical and brilliant pieces and an improvised performance.

Two attractive concerts will be given in celebration of Burns's birthday—one at St. James's Hall, this (Saturday) evening; the other at the Royal Albert Hall, next Monday evening, this being one of Mr. William Carter's series of National Concerts.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's fourth concert of the new season was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening, the programme including Berlioz's sacred trilogy, "The Childhood of Christ," Goetz's psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," and Bach's cantata, "God's Time is the Best."

French operas are to be given at the Gaiety Theatre, beginning on June 6. Mlle. Vanzandt is to appear in "Mignon," "Lakmé," "Mireille," and other works.

The arrangements for the forthcoming Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace have already been adverted to. Since then the following eminent vocalists have been announced in association therewith:—Madame Albani, Miss Annie Marriott, and Madame Valleria; Madame Patey and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Edward Lloyd, and probably Mr. Maas, Signor Foli, Mr. Bridson, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Manns will conduct, and the band and chorus will be of the usual gigantic proportions. As before stated, the dates will be June 19, 22, 24, and 26; the first day being allotted to the grand public rehearsal; "The Messiah" and "Israel" being fixed respectively for the 22nd and 26th; and the Selection day, which will include some interesting novelties, for the 24th. For the convenience of London residents desirous of obtaining information, tickets, &c., town offices will be opened at 48, Pall-mall.

Mr. Frederick Burgess's twentieth annual musical and dramatic fêtes will take place, at St. James's Grand Hall, on Tuesday next (afternoon and evening), upon which occasion he will be honoured with the valuable assistance of eminent artists from nearly all the London theatres.

Sir Henry Bessemer was, on the 15th inst., entertained at a banquet by the Ancient Company of the Armourers and Brasiers of the City of London. Prior to the dinner a special court was held, at which the honorary freedom of the Company was conferred upon him.

A lady, who wishes to be described only as "A Hearty Sympathiser," sends £50 to the "George Smith Fund," collected by the *Pall Mall Gazette* editor; and Lord Aberdeen forwards a cheque for ten guineas, in addition to a previous contribution of £20, so that the fund now exceeds £1000.

Messrs. A. H. Baily and Co., of Nicholas-lane, have issued "Who's Who in 1885," a handy little volume, revised up to date. While the main features of the work remain the same, there are certain improvements. In the Peerage separate lists are given of the Scottish and Irish Representative Peers, with a list of the titles under which various Scottish and Irish Peers sit and vote in Parliament. At the end of the book, under the head of "Men and Women of the Day," there is a list of celebrities in literature, the arts, the sciences, divinity, journalism, and the drama.

## THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

Some illustrations of this terrible visitation of a natural calamity, by which 800 or 900 human beings have perished, and thousands of families have been deprived of their homes and reduced to destitution, are now presented to our readers. Its worst effects have been felt in the town of Alhama, which is about half-way between Malaga, the large commercial seaport on the south coast, and Granada, the ancient capital of the famous Moorish kingdom. Alhama was a town of 1757 houses, containing a population of 12,000, situated on the steep northern declivity of the Sierra Tejada, "perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills, round which the river Marchan sweeps, winding through ravines and between rocky pinnacles." The volcanic hot springs below the town, impregnated with mineral substances of a medicinal quality, made the Baths or "Hummums" of Alhama a celebrated resort of the luxurious Moors. In 1482, the capture of this town by the Spaniards caused great lamentation among the Moslem rulers of Granada; which is plaintively expressed in the refrain of the ancient ballad translated by Byron, with the mournful interjection, "Ay de mi, Alhama!" The old Moorish Castle, ornamented with the emblematic sculpture of two keys, the Gothic church, the principal one of five churches in the town, and the once stately mansion which had fallen into picturesque decay, were often noticed by travellers in Spain. These are now in ruins, with the greater part of the houses, most of which, standing on insecure steep ground, or on the brink of the cliffs, were overthrown by the earthquake. One of our illustrations is that of a local religious ceremonial, the procession of the Rose Garland to be consecrated at the church altar.

The city of Granada has not suffered much substantial damage. It has a population of 80,000, but has lost its former prosperity, though it commands the fertile plain of the Vega, one of the richest agricultural districts in Southern Europe. It is overlooked by the grand mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, on the north-east side, and the river Darro, joined by the Xenil, flows close to the city. The Alhambra, the magnificent palace and fortress of the Moorish Princes, who were finally conquered by the Spanish King and Queen, Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, in 1492, has often been described. Those Sovereigns are entombed in the Cathedral of Granada, in a sumptuous Royal Chapel; the edifice, in the Grecian style of architecture, belongs to the Renaissance period. There is little beauty or grandeur in the public buildings of the city; but its older streets have an interesting aspect, and the Zacatin, the popular market-place, filled with old-fashioned shops and stalls, is peculiarly characteristic. Our correspondent, Mr. H. Stainer, an artist, who is British Vice-Consul at Granada, has sent us the Sketch that appears on our front page. He relates as follows his personal experiences of the earthquake on Christmas Eve:—

"I was at home, sitting around the fire with my family and some friends, it being Christmas Eve, when just about nine o'clock the house began to move in a most alarming manner. The curtains seemed to be blown by a strong wind, the chandelier swung about, and I could see the ceiling and walls moving; it lasted fifteen or sixteen seconds. I called on my people not to fear, saying it was all over; but it went on increasing. There was scarcely time to run out of doors. But my wife ran to her child's bed, ready to die with her dear boy if she could not save him. When it was all over I made light of it, and got them to dance and play the piano. But we continued to feel renewed shocks, of which there were from twelve to fifteen that night, pretty severe, though none like the first. Next day we heard of the dreadful havoc in the neighbouring towns. In this city, when we went out, it was a curious sight to see hundreds of people huddled together around fires. The fortunate made themselves comparatively comfortable, but many of them had been sleeping out of doors in shelters of any kind they could put together, made of canvas, rags, planks, matting, or whatever they could get. They were calling on the saints to help them, while processions of priests went on chanting and the people responding in chorus. We received, day after day, from the country around, most heart-rending accounts of families buried alive, and of the survivors enduring great hardships, as the night and the next day were bitterly cold, with fierce howling wind and rain. The poor people kept wandering about, mad with fear, and calling on their dear friends and relatives, who lay buried in the ruins—some, perhaps, alive—while pitiful cries and groans were heard during that fearful night. Many were got out alive; but, no doubt, many others died a lingering death. The details are sickening and heartrending in the extreme. Fresh shocks of earthquake were again and again felt, prolonging the terror for two or three weeks. The huts and tents at Granada have now been taken down, since the people venture to return to their houses. The King was at Alhama this morning (Jan. 10), and is expected to-day at Granada."

In a constitution adopted on Tuesday for Aberystwith University College, it is provided that women shall not only be admitted to all the benefits of the College, but be eligible to sit in the governing bodies.

Deputy Surgeon-General Alfred M. Tippetts, of the Army Medical Staff, who was mentioned in despatches for his services in the last Afghan war, has been appointed on the staff of Major-General Willis, commanding the Northern District, as principal medical officer.

The Association of Assistant Mistresses in High Schools held its second annual general meeting, last Saturday, at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, Camden-road. This association, which has been established to improve the position of assistant mistresses with respect to salaries, hours of work, and other matters, and to give opportunities for social intercourse, already numbers over 450 members. The president, Mrs. Hankin, gave an address; and Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., was elected president for the ensuing year.

A curious difference between English and Continental law has again been made clear by the decision given by the "Tribunal de Commerce" of Brussels, according to which some English dealers, who attempted to sell their extract of meat in Belgium as Baron Liebig's brand, placing a photograph of the late Baron Liebig on their jars against the expressed will of the present Baron Liebig and the Liebig Company, are prohibited from either using the name Liebig, or the title Baron Liebig, or the photograph, the exclusive use of which had been granted by Baron Liebig to the well-known Liebig's Extract of Meat Company.

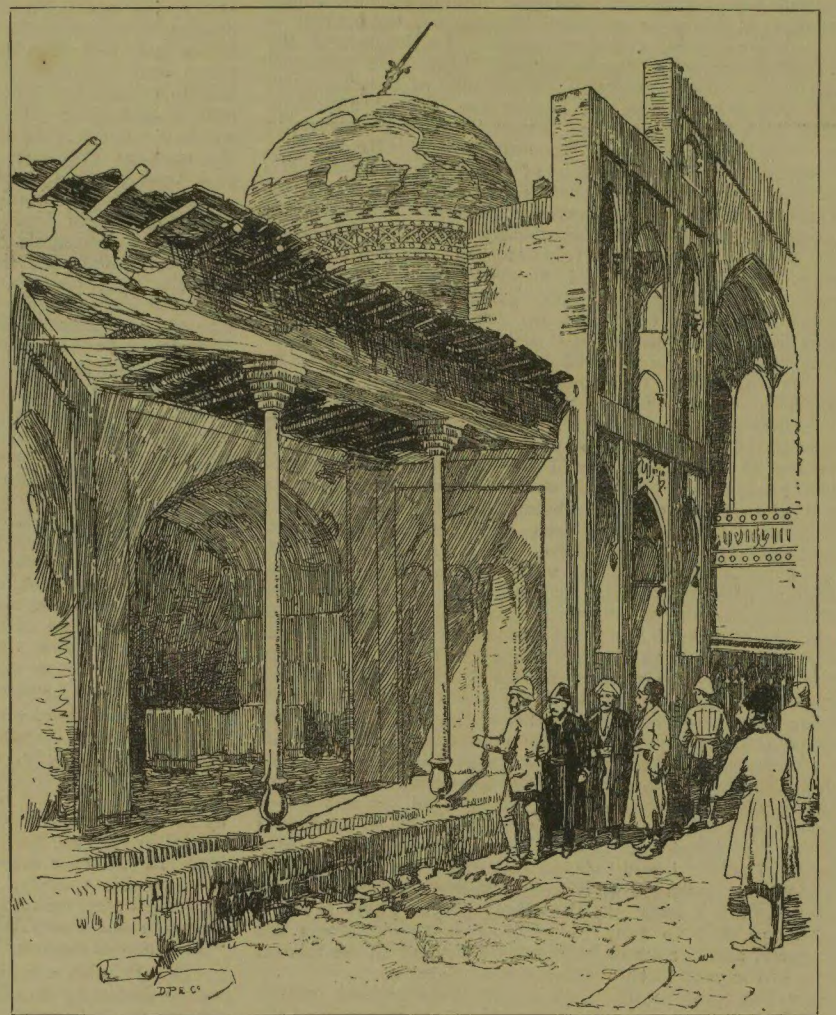
Sir Edmund Currie gave last Saturday, at the weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, an emphatic denial to the charges reported to have been brought against the management of the Darenth Camp Hospital by Mr. Nathan Robinson. These charges were of a most serious character. They alleged that there was a deficiency in the supply of clean linen, that the meat was bad and improperly cooked, that there were no proper baths, and that the sanitary arrangements were scandalously inadequate. All these allegations Sir Edmund Currie categorically denies on his own authority and on that of Mr. Russell Rogers, solicitor to the board, who visited the camp, and drew up a report.



THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



GATE OF MAIAMAI.



TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYOM, THE PERSIAN POET, AT NISHAPORE.



BAZAAR AT SHAHRUD.



S K A T I N G P A R T I E S.



1. A Party who would like to try.  
4 and 5. Parties who object to Skating.

2. Parties who have made up their minds to try.  
6. Parties who don't.  
7. Parties who are too lazy.

3. A Party who is invited by post to try.  
8. A diffident Party.



## BIRTH.

On the 18th inst., at Berkhamsted, Lady Richard Grosvenor, of a daughter.

## DEATH.

On the 21st inst., at 47, Lancaster-gate, Hyde Park, in her 81st year, Eliza Chitty, widow of the late Thomas Chitty, of the Inner Temple.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,** completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 5, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

**ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.**—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

**SALON PARISIEN, 160, NEW BOND-STREET, W.**—JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE'S LAST UNFINISHED WORK; also the celebrated Collection of Pictures by JAN VAN BEERS. Amongst them being "La Sirène," "Embarqués," "Little Jack Horner," "Peace with Honour," "Flirtation," &c. Also including his 300 Landscapes, besides Paintings and Sculptures by other eminent foreign artists, are now on view. Admission, 1s.

## UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

## JAPANESE VILLAGE,

## ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK.

## ELEVEN TO TEN. ONE SHILLING.

## MILITARY BAND.

## WEDNESDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN.

## MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorized M. Paul Bonaparte to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs Faure,
" Devriès,	" Verga,
" Sala,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Biorkstein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Couturier,
" Belloc,	" Villaret,
" Simonnet,	" &c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:

**VIOLINISTS:** Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.

**PIANISTS:** Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Esplhoff.

**HARPIST:** Mons. Hasselmann.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.

The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—

**BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.**

Jan. 24: Prix de Saint-Quentin. An object of Art, added to a Poule of 50f.  
Jan. 27: Prix de la Vierge. A Poule of 50f.  
Jan. 31: Prix de la Trinité. An object of Art, with Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Poule of 50f. and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 10: Prix Lafont. A Poule of 50f. and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 12: Prix Esterlany. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 16: Prix de Comid. A Poule of 50f. and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 21: Prix Camanor. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 24: Prix Drevon. A Poule of 50f. and a Poule of 50f.  
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.  
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Poule of 50f. and a Poule of 50f.  
Mar. 7: Prix de la Vierge. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.  
Mar. 10: Prix W. Call. A Poule of 50f., added to a Poule of 50f.

**GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.**

March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Poule of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 500f.

A. BLONDI, Secretary.

**NEWS FROM NICE.**—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.

There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesuvio, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleansed or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.

The streets were never so clean and tidy, and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.

Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, Wakefield, or Waters, or Mr. Nicholls, the English qualified chemist here. In future, there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men French, English, and others, is now in course of formation.

The Prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised.

The Italian Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.

The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artists for the Opéra Comique.

The Jetty Promenade, they say, will be immediately rebuilt. The Races will take place shortly. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particulars of which anon.

The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers to this bright and sunny land.

## THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Edgar Bruce. Season under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Nine, will be produced a Drama in Three Acts, adapted from the French of Alexandre Dumas, called PRINCESS GEORGE. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. C. W. Somerset, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Weatherly; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Helen Mathews, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Rosina Phillips, Mrs. John Billington, and Mrs. LANGTRY. The Play produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Doors open at half-past seven; Comedietta, TOM NODDY'S SECRET, at Eight; PRINCESS GEORGE at a Quarter to Nine. Carriages at 10.30. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. No fees. Telephone 3700.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT.

Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinees, this day (Saturday), Jan. 24, and Saturday, Feb. 7 and 21, at 1.30. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

## MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly,

give their performance EVERY AFTERNOON at Three; and on the Evenings, at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Mr. Maskelyne's New Programme includes a new sketch, entitled THE FAIRIES OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 6s.; Reserved Seats, 3s. Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AT THREE also.

## MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN.

The Minstrel Holiday Programme, THIS and EVERY NIGHT at Eight.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AT THREE and Eight.

All New and Beautiful Songs.

New Budget of Scramblingly Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches.

New and Important Additions to the Great Company.

## ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,

REGENT-STREET and PICCADILLY.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, JAN. 27, at 2.30; TUESDAY NIGHT at 8.10.

## MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTIETH ANNUAL

MUSICAL and DRAMATIC FETE upon which occasion Two Programmes of the most attractive character will be presented, with the following extraordinary combination of eminent artists will take part:—Miss Alice Langford, Mrs. Billington, Miss E. Farren, Miss Constance Losely, Miss Florence St. John, Mrs. Frederick Burgess (née Miss Ellen Myrick), Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. Harry Walham, Mr. Walter Joyce, Mons. Marins, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. J. M. Dallas, Mr. W. Ponley, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Edward Terry. An entirely new and beautiful Musical Entertainment will also be given by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Tickets for all parts of the Hall, and also for Reserved Seats, can be secured at Ambrose Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

## ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.

On TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, JAN. 27, at 2.30; TUESDAY NIGHT at 8.10.

## MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTIETH ANNUAL

MUSICAL and DRAMATIC FETE, when nearly every Musical and Dramatic Artist of Celebrity now in London will appear. New and beautiful music will be presented by the magnificent choir and orchestra of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TICKETS for all parts of the Hall, and for all Numbered and Reserved Seats, at St. James's Grand Hall, Tuesday Afternoon and Night, JAN. 27, can now be secured at Ambrose Austin's Universal Ticket Office, daily, from 9.30 till 6.30. Visitors from the country may secure tickets by post on sending P.O.O. or cheque, together with a stamped and directed envelope addressed to Ambrose Austin, St. James's Hall, to whom all orders or cheques are to be made payable.

## THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner, with the officers and gentlemen of his party, and with the military escort sent from India to meet him, is on the banks of the Murghab, on the northern frontier of Afghanistan, waiting for the arrival of General Zelenoy, the Russian Commissioner. They will scarcely be able to commence their work before March. Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, accompanied the Commissioner all the way from England, by the route of Odessa and the Black Sea, Tiflis, the Caspian Sea, Teheran, and along the north parts of Eastern Persia and Khorassan to Meshed, and thence to Sarakhs, on the Afghan frontier. The long journey on horseback from Teheran eastward, as we hope our readers will recollect, gave Mr. Simpson opportunities of sketching many places of interest, and many interviews with Persian local grandees and the people of those countries. We still have a few of his Sketches taken in October and November on that road, three of which are now published as Illustrations of Oriental life, and of towns which were flourishing and famous in the palmy days of the Persian monarchy, but which have decayed through centuries of misrule and social declension. Shahrud, one of these towns, is even now a place of some importance, as "a connecting link between Central Asia, Meshed, Herat, and the Caspian, through Asterabad. A considerable commerce with Russia passes along this line, and there are a number of Russian merchants in Shahrud. There is a fort of mud walls. The bazaars are outside the fort, and there is a large suburb of walled-in gardens, which covers a considerable space. All these gardens, as well as the town, are supplied by water carried by small artificial streams, of which there seems to be a plentiful supply." Our Artist further says the bazaars of Persia are all covered in with arches. At Teheran, and the towns he has passed through which were large enough to boast of a bazaar, they have all been covered. The principal object in this is to keep out the sun in the hot weather. Shahrud is at present under a process of improvement. "No place could have improved along the road we have come while Turkoman raids went on, but that is now a thing of the past, and we notice buildings in progress in most of the towns. This is particularly the case at Shahrud, where Nowshirwan Khan, the Governor, seems to take an active interest in his district, and under his auspices bazaars and serais are being constructed."

"The village of Maiamai is the second nearest to the east of Shahrud, and is consequently nearer to the Turkomans, whose raids spread such terror in the past. I sketched this gate because it was picturesque, but I also saw that it told a tale of danger. It is the inside of the gate, and it will be seen that originally it had been a portal of considerable size, with a pointed brick arch. This large gate had evidently been looked upon as insecure, and a contraction was thought necessary. The arched gate was therefore filled up, and a smaller one formed; wooden beams were laid across to form lintels, thus forming a square-topped entrance, to which a couple of strong wooden folding-doors were added. Either the Turkomans must have been more frequent in their visits or more daring in their acts, for the entrance has been again reduced, this time with an arched top, composed partly of stone and brick. The massive wooden doors of the second gateway had been thought strong enough, and although of a size far too large for the last entrance, they had been left to do duty. The door is now so low that I had to slightly bend my head as I passed. When a raid occurred, there was a frantic rush made for the gate by all who were on the outside; for whoever was caught became a prisoner, and was carried off into slavery. Hence, the door had to be left open, as a place of refuge, to the last moment, and its smallness would prevent a rush of the enemy, who might have entered with the last of the fugitives, and thus taken the whole village. The Turkomans were always on horseback, and they could not have passed in without dismounting, while a rush of a sufficient number to take the village was not likely. This may have been the reason for the lowness of the doorway."

The name of Omar Khayyoun, an elegant didactic and philosophical poet of the most renowned period of Persian literature, is not entirely unknown to English readers. Mr. Fitzgerald's able translation of his melodious quatrains, published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, a few years ago, engaged the attention of qualified critics and scholars. Our Artist, in his brief stay at Nishapore, a town of Khorassan, where Omar Khayyoun died, went to visit the tomb of the poet, of which he sends us a Sketch—sending also to Mr. Quaritch a small tribute of rose-leaves plucked on the spot. The tomb is a recess of plastered brick, at the east side of a building which contains the sepulchre of an Imamzadeh, or son of an Imam, brother to the Imam Reza, whose sacred shrine is in the city of Meshed. This building, which has a dome, covered with blue enamel, directly over the tomb of the Imamzadeh, is close to the ruined walls of the old town of Nishapore, about two miles from the present inhabited town.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts will open on Feb. 3.

It has been decided by the Council of the Royal Academy that the works of the outsiders must be sent in on March 27, 28, and 30, and the works of members on April 6. Instead of the three "vanishing" days hitherto customary, members will for the future only have two.

Messrs. Hart and Co., of Paternoster-row, have published a work of great interest, being the first volume of "The Lark," edited by W. C. Bennett, containing above three hundred songs, ballads, and recitations, by English and American authors of note.

Some lectures on sculpture are announced for delivery at the Royal Academy during the month of February. The lecturers on these occasions will be Mr. C. T. Newton, O.B., Mr. R. Stuart Poole, LL.D., Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, A.R.A. (who takes for his subject Imitation is the Means, not the End of Art), and Mr. J. Boehm, R.A. Lectures on architecture by Mr. R. S. Poole, Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., Mr. F. C. Penrose, Mr. G. Aitchison, A.R.A., and Mr. Waterhouse, A.R.A., will complete the session 1884-5.

The Holyhead steamer Admiral Moorsom, belonging to the London and North-Western Railway Company, has been wrecked by collision in the Irish Sea. Whilst crossing from Dublin with passengers and crew, numbering thirty-five, and a quantity of live stock, she was run into by the American ship Santa Clara, which carried away her paddle-box, masts, and funnel, and so completely disabled her that the passengers and crew took to the boats, the captain having fallen or jumped overboard. Fourteen men in a boat were picked up by the Santa Clara and taken to Holyhead. Subsequently five persons, including a woman and child, were taken off the wreck of the Admiral Moorsom when it was on its beam ends, and landed at Queenstown; and eleven men who escaped in a boat were picked up by the Norwegian vessel, Stanley. The number of the lost is five. From the narratives of survivors, it would appear that the course of the Admiral Moorsom was shifted to keep clear of another vessel, on passing at the stern of which the steamer was run into by the Santa Clara.

## SKATING PARTIES.

The brief opportunity, soon interrupted by a change of weather, for this healthful and exhilarating exercise, was enjoyed in the North of England, in the first week of January, by large numbers of persons; the ice, however, was seldom hard enough for safety, and in Lancashire and Yorkshire ten or twelve lives were lost by its breaking under the weight of skaters. Our Artist has applied his humorous fancy to delineate various species of "skating parties," taking the liberty, by the way, to perpetrate a confessed, though still common, solecism in language by using the word "party" for an individual person, which is only admissible in a relative sense, as where a person is said to be "a party" to a certain transaction. The fastidious reader will perhaps forgive this slight verbal inaccuracy for the sake of a little harmless joking, as well in the special descriptive titles as in the amusing Sketches, which are fairly typical of different characters and classes interested more or less in a favourite pastime of the winter season. The central group is very pleasing; it consists of a young lady, a pretty girl, seated in the back shop of a country ironmonger, trying on a new pair of skates which the tradesman is adjusting to her neat little foot, while the young gentleman who accompanies her is watching the fit with a critical and complacent air; these are "parties" who have evidently made up their minds to try. The poor little boy outside the shop-door is one who would like to possess a pair of skates for his own use, and turns a desiring eye to those suspended for sale at a price beyond his wildest dreams of pocket-money, for they are marked twelve shillings, and he has only fivepence in the world; he might as well think of buying or hiring a horse to ride. There is another indoor scene, in which a young lady has unexpectedly got an invitation by letter to join some friends in a social skating party on the pond in their private grounds, and is thoughtfully examining the skates that she used last year, meditating whether she can put sufficient confidence in her own skill to risk a public display. Of those who "object to skating," besides the timid and consciously awkward persons who might enjoy the free use of their limbs if they would venture to practise the art, there are several distinct specimens, the stout old sailor with the wooden leg is no coward, but is manifestly incapacitated for this mode of progression. The elderly maiden lady, who never did such things in her youth, and whose imagination is filled with stories of disasters on the treacherous ice, prefers the comfortable security of her own fire-side, and blames other people for "tempting Providence," as she says, by going the way of danger. There are two lazy gentlemen at their Club, one of whom likes dozing in an easy-chair, the other likes crossing his legs, sipping a glass of liquor, and smoking a cigar, with the unread newspaper dropping from his nerveless hand, after a night of dissipation which has left him in a languid condition; and there is a diffident man, rather past middle age, who doubts whether he can pretend any longer to emulate the nimble feats which delight some of the younger generation. All these non-skaters may be left in peace to consult the dictates of prudence or the bent of their peculiar disposition; it is quite a matter of taste and private judgment. The youthful, the strong, the high-spirited, of both sexes, if they like to take the trouble, if they are not afraid of falls, and if they will be careful about the condition of the ice, can obtain in settled frosty weather—though we do not get that every winter—a real pleasure in the sensation of swiftly gliding, with the slightest effort beyond that of preserving a graceful balance, over the glassy surface of congealed water, and feel it a joyful addition to their physical powers. Skating or sliding, like swimming in the water or sailing over it, and like swinging in the air, seems to be a temporary compensation for the absence of that faculty of flying which is given to the birds. The human biped, in walking on earth, has to put up with a tedious mode of locomotion compared to that with which many other animals have been endowed. We instinctively long to soar and to glide; our bodies are something of a burden, and our motion, if not fatiguing, is too slow for the mind to be content with its effect. No wish or taste is more natural than that of indulgence in easy speed, which is the purest form of simple bodily sport. The art of skating cannot, in our uncertain English climate, be brought to such perfection, or employed in such long journeys, as in some other countries; but its judicious practice is a most agreeable incident of winter, and the finest remedy for chills and colds.

## GALLANT DEEDS.

The Board of Trade have awarded their bronze "Gallantry" medal, together with a sum of money, to Mrs. Jane Whyte, in recognition of her praiseworthy services on the occasion of the wreck of the steam-ship William Hope, of Dundee, in Aberdour Bay, during a heavy gale on Oct. 28, 1884. Mrs. Whyte was the only person on shore when the vessel stranded, and a rope being thrown to her by the crew she, at great risk to her life, waded into the breakers, caught it, and passed it round her body, with the intention of tying it to a log lying further up the beach, when other persons arrived on the spot, with whose assistance the crew of the vessel were enabled to land.

The Mayor of Exeter on Saturday last presented Frank Shooter, the superintendent of the public bathing place, with a gold medal and £150, in recognition of the numerous rescues from drowning which he has made. In recognition of his courage the Town Council raised his wages, the Royal Humane Society have given him a silver medal, and the people of Exeter subscribed the gift presented last Saturday night.

Stoke-on-Trent has also its hero—Mr. Price, a chimney-sweep. His last feat was the rescue of eight boys who had broken through the ice into deep water, and all of whom apparently would have drowned but for his boldness and promptitude. This young man, well known in the neighbourhood as a swimmer, dashed in among them and clutched two of them—a pretty good handful for any swimmer. Two more, however, managed to get hold of him, and with all four of these he struggled ashore. A second plunge might have had a different termination but that a bystander happened to have a halter with him. He had got hold of a second couple, when a third boy seized him by the hair of his head, and he was pulled under. Fortunately the halter was thrown to them, and two of the three were pulled ashore with it. Price himself landing the third. Another boy was still clinging to the broken edge of the ice, and was just slipping down, when the chimney-sweep, in response to his heartrending cries, again went in, and just reached him in time. The *Globe* has opened a subscription for the heroic chimney-sweep.

A binocular glass has been awarded by the Board of Trade to Captain Don Miguel Baldo, of the Spanish steam-ship Cortes, of Barcelona, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the Anatolia, of West Hartlepool, whom he picked up at sea on Nov. 6 last.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts presided last Saturday at the first anniversary dinner of the Columbia Market Fruit and Potato Salesmen's Association, and, in returning thanks for the toast of Baroness Burdett-Coutts and himself, said he believed the market had before it such a career of success as would place it in a position superior to that of any market in the metropolis.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 20.

Of late, one has often been tempted to speak ill of Paris, to ape Jeremiah, and relash Juvenal. But, like the incidents which provoke our reprobation, our anger is of short duration and soon forgotten, and we begin once more to admire and wonder at this vivacious city, where letters and art and the things of intellect have undisputed precedence. You may think, perhaps, on the strength of inevitably misleading special-wire correspondence, that the Parisians are discussing the unpleasant debut of the new Minister of War at the Chamber, the preparations for the senatorial elections, the speeches of M. Constans or of M. Paul Bert, the interminable Tonguin difficulty or the commercial crisis. These are not the topics of the day, nor even in the gravest journals do such subjects hold the chiefest place; the topic is M. Alexandre Dumas' new comedy, "Denise," which was produced with complete success at the Comédie Française last night. The Londoners, I know, have come to take a great interest in the stage; but even they can scarcely imagine the curiosity excited amongst the Parisians by the announcement of a new play by a man like Dumas, who is famous for his bold and novel theorising. "Denise," like all Dumas' pieces, is more than a play with a moral: it is an ethical thesis. In a few words, here is the plot. M. De Bardannes, a rich country gentleman, who, after a youth more or less dissipated in accordance with the traditions of men of his rank, has settled down to serious life, falls in love with Mlle. Denise Brissot, the daughter of his steward, who had been recommended to him by Madame De Tazette, a brilliant coquette, and the first flame of M. De Bardannes. This Madame De Tazette has a son, Fernand, who is rather disreputable. She asks M. De Bardannes to give his sister Marthe in marriage to Fernand; M. De Bardannes refuses, knowing that Fernand is unworthy, and Madame De Tazette replies by casting suspicion on the reputation of Denise. In the course of the very dramatic and touching plot, M. De Bardannes discovers that Fernand has lied to save the honour of Denise. What is to be done? Is Fernand to be forced to marry Denise? Is M. De Bardannes to marry her, in spite of all prejudices? M. Dumas adopts the latter course, and so obtains a happy if not a very satisfactory dénouement. "Denise" is admirably played by Mesdames Pauline Granger, Bartet, Pierson, the brothers Coquelin, Baillet, Got, and Worms. During four acts of conversation, M. Dumas never allows our interest to flag for a moment, and, while the piece is preponderantly emotional, brilliance of dialogue and witty repartee do not lose their rights.

While M. Dumas has crowned his career with a play as powerful as any he ever wrote, French literature has lost one of its shining lights in M. Edmond About, who died last week, at the age of fifty-six, only a few weeks after his election to the French Academy. About has been bombarded with the title of "petit fils de Voltaire"; the implied praise is perhaps exaggerated. He was, however, the brilliant genius of the Empire. Augier, Feuillet, Dumas, Sardou, worked their way up slowly; in 1851 About, in his first book, "La Grèce Contemporaine," revealed himself a full-blown genius, to the astonishment and admiration of everybody. In "Tolla," "Germaine," "Les Mariages de Paris," "Le Progrès," "La Question Romaine," he remained the sparkling and witty author of "La Grèce Contemporaine," and for ten years he continued to hold that position in the public esteem. After the war, he began to waste his talent in political journalism and business speculations, and now, with two or three exceptions, his works have taken up their abodes in the book-boxes along the quais of Paris, that Appian Way of literary royalties. As a writer, About had Sidney Smith's great and rare quality of writing in an entertaining manner on dry subjects: his pamphlet on taxation is a model in this respect.

In Paris, the children who provide the journalists with *mots* are quaintly precocious. Witness the little girl of six, who, seeing the snow falling in fine flakes, said, "Mamma, look! The angels are dropping their face-powder!" I cite this remark simply in order to intimate that we have been having snow and wintry weather during the past week. T. C.

The German Emperor, and all the Princes and Princesses and Knights of the Black Eagle, and numerous deputations from German and foreign regiments, attended the funeral service of the late Prince Augustus of Würtemberg on the 16th inst. in the Garrison Church. The Emperor looked well, and stood during the long Liturgy. Prince and Princess William arrived at the Castle in Berlin on the same day. The Emperor has been confined to his bed with a cold caught at the funeral service.—On the 16th inst. the opening of the Prussian Diet took place. The Speech from the Throne dealt exclusively with domestic affairs.—Notwithstanding a protest against the new colonial policy, the German Reichstadt passed the Imperial Naval Estimates on Tuesday.

In the sitting of the Lower House yesterday week Herr Von Koeller, Dr. Von Heereman, and Herr Von Benda were re-elected President and Vice-Presidents by acclamation.—In the Lower House on Monday the Budget for the ensuing year was discussed on its first reading. The Minister of Finance, in addressing the House, declared that in the Budget for 1883-4 the actual receipts exceeded the estimates by 3,000,000 marks. The total surplus, chiefly arising from the railway receipts, amounted to 20,000,000 marks, which would be applied in the redemption of the Railway Debt. For the current year a surplus of 10,000,000 marks might be expected.

The Empress of Austria and Princess Valérie, after several weeks' absence, arrived in Vienna from Pesth on the 15th inst. The Emperor arrived next day. The Austrian Crown Prince and Crown Princess will start on a tour in the middle of February. They will visit Munich, Brussels, the Hague, and then embark at Rotterdam for Alexandria. After visiting Cairo, Smyrna, Greece, and Corfu, they will return home via Trieste.—Count Taaffe, the Austrian Premier, gave a grand ball last Saturday night. Among the guests invited were several of the Archdukes and the members of the diplomatic body, the latter including Sir Augustus Paget, the British Ambassador, and Lady Paget.—At the opening of the Austrian Parliament on Tuesday, an Anti-Socialist Bill was introduced by the Government.

The Dutch East Indian Budget was passed by the First Chamber of the States-General on Tuesday.

The Swedish Parliament was opened on Monday. The Speech from the Throne announced the creation of a new department of State for trade, manufactures, and agriculture; and the presentation of bills for increasing the navy and definitively regulating the salaries of national school teachers. The Budget is drawn up on the basis of a reduction of 30 per cent in the land tax. No fresh taxation or increase of existing taxes is proposed.—In Norway the Ministerial crisis has terminated, the differences between M. Sverdrup, Minister of State, and M. Daal, Chief of the War Department, with regard to the army organisation having been adjusted.

Major-General Count Ignatieff has been appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, in the room of Lieu-

tenant-General Anutchin, who recently resigned.—The Finnish Diet was formally opened on Monday by General Hayden, the Governor-General, in the name of the Emperor. The Speech from the Throne, which was drawn up in the Russian language, was read by the Governor-General, after which it was translated into Swedish and Finnish by one of the members of the Senate.

The British Chargé-d'Affaires at Athens, while walking with his wife in a park which was not open to the public, was assaulted and struck by a gendarme, who ordered him to leave. The King and the principal Ministers promptly expressed their regret at the incident; and the offender is to be publicly dismissed from the service, in the presence of the entire force, and then imprisoned for two months.

Prince Waldemar of Denmark dined with the Sultan on Sunday evening. On the previous day his Majesty conferred upon the Prince the decoration of the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh, set in brilliants.

The United States Senate has passed the bill placing General Grant on the retired list of the army. Nine members voted against the bill, all being Democrats.—The House of Representatives has passed the Chinese Indemnity Fund Bill, authorising the President to return to the Chinese Government 583,400 dol., being the residue of the fund in question. The Senate will concur in this measure.—The Agricultural Department reports that last year's cereal crops were the largest ever raised in the United States, wheat yielding 513 million bushels, oats 583 millions, Indian corn 1795 millions.—Henry Irving has had good success in Chicago, where he has been playing for a fortnight. His representation of Eugene Aram has been very popular. "Richelieu" is played this week.—The infirmary building of a lunatic asylum at Kankakee, in Illinois, has been burnt down. Seventeen of the patients perished.—Last year 453,983 emigrants reached the United States, being 100,000 less than in the previous year.

A comparative statement of the industries of the Dominion of Canada for the years 1878 and 1884 show a remarkable increase. The number of people employed in these industries in 1878 was 26,764; in 1884 it had increased to 47,828. The wages paid in 1878 amounted to 7,290,000 dol.; in 1884 they had reached 15,189,000 dol. The products of these industries were in 1878 of the value of 32,554,000 dol.; and in 1884 they reached a total of 77,543,000 dol. The capital employed in 1878 was 24,353,000 dol.; and in 1884 it was 39,488,000 dol.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Calcutta on the 14th inst. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs:—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been busily employed in seeing all that is to be seen in and near Calcutta. On Friday the Duke reviewed the troops of the garrison. On Saturday they accompanied the Viceroy to Barrackpore. On Sunday they crossed the river to Chander-nagore and lunched with the French Governor. On Monday they returned to Calcutta, and in the evening attended a ball given in their honour by the European community. They started for Meerut on Tuesday evening.—An important addition has been made to the Indian railway system by opening the Bengal and North-Western line. The ceremony took place at Myrwa, a place on the boundary of the two provinces. Both Lieutenant-Governors were present. Mr. Rivers Thompson described the ceremony as marking an historical epoch in Indian railway enterprise, and the new line, he said, was certainly the largest and most important railway based upon purely private enterprise.

It is stated in a telegram from Shanghai that the agreement between Corea and Japan provides that Corea shall pay an indemnity of 500,000 taels. Japan is to place a garrison of 1500 soldiers permanently in Seoul. The Korean authorities have issued a proclamation, in which they absolve Japan from all blame in connection with the recent disturbances.

Rear-Admiral Edge has been appointed Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.

The Croydon Corporation announced last Saturday that the Mayor had received a notification from the Home Secretary to the effect that her Majesty had been pleased to direct that a separate Commission of the Peace be issued, creating a Borough Bench for Croydon.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. are rendering great service in the periodic publication of Shakespeare's plays, as reprinted verbatim from the first folio, bearing date 1623. "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" have appeared opportunely, to be followed by "As You Like It" and "Cymbeline."

Damages to the amount of £10,000 have been awarded by a Middlesex jury to Mr. John Neville Maskelyne, of Maskelyne and Cooke, against Mr. Washington Irving Bishop for libel, the latter having allowed judgment to go by default, and not being represented when the damages were assessed.

Yesterday week the Court of Appeal disallowed the appeal taken by Mr. Yates, the proprietor of the *World* newspaper, against a judgment obtained against him for a libel on the Earl of Lonsdale. Mr. Yates having stated that he did not intend to carry the case to the House of Lords, he was committed to Holloway Prison as a first-class misdemeanant for four months, according to the sentence passed by the Court of Queen's Bench.

In the new Canadian guide-book, prepared under the authority of the Canadian Government, recently issued, the facts and statistics have been brought down to the latest possible date, and the pamphlet contains some excellent illustrations taken from sketches by Princess Louise. A chapter is devoted to each province, and particulars are given upon every subject that will present itself to the mind of an emigrant.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute was held on Monday evening, when a paper on the "Historical Evidences of the Abrahamic Migration" was read by Mr. W. Boscawen, in which he gave extracts from the new translations of some tablets discovered by Mr. Rassam during his last visit to the East; these extracts contained a large number of names of persons and cities mentioned in the Bible record of the times to which they referred. Mr. Rassam and several others took part in the discussion which followed.

Miss J. E. Harrison, of Newnham, who for some time past has, with steadily increasing success, been lecturing at the British Museum on Greek Art, has been invited by the managers of the Leicester Museum to give a course in that town. If local museums, and especially those which showed an interest in the formation of a central museum of casts, followed the example of Leicester, a very important step towards raising the standard of public taste would have been made. At the same time, care will need to be taken to secure exponents of classical antiquities capable of throwing life and interest into their subject. Miss Harrison has shown her powers in this particular, as her steadily increasing classes at the British Museum bear witness; and Mr. Newton, C.B., and the other authorities who have encouraged her in her work deserve thanks for having brought into notice a lady who is not only thoroughly acquainted with her subject, but who can show to the world that it is possible—even for a woman—to be learned without pedantry.

## MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

Wonderful is the recuperative power of Mr. Gladstone. The period of rest at Hawarden Castle, after the first two Cabinet Councils of the New Year, proved as beneficial as Sir Andrew Clark thought it would. In the teeth of the biting wind the Prime Minister was enabled to attend the services at Hawarden church, where he had the satisfaction of hearing the banns of marriage between the Rev. Stephen Gladstone and Miss Wilson called the first and second times. On Tuesday, the Premier felt strong enough to undertake the railway journey from Chester to London; and, despite the coldness of the weather, the right hon. gentleman looked as hale as of yore when he alighted at the little house in Downing-street to attend the Cabinet Council called to consider the French proposals for a loan of nine millions to Egypt, to be guaranteed by the Great Powers collectively. It was to be noted that Mr. Chamberlain was absent from this Council through indisposition, and that Earl Spencer was detained in Dublin as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Cabinet met again on Wednesday. The upshot of the Ministerial deliberations was believed to be a qualified and conditional agreement to the counter-proposals of France, but a firm stand against any reimposition of the Dual Control on Egypt. Meantime, the public watches with increased interest and anxiety the venturesome advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's corps across the desert in the direction of Khartoum.

Plenty of early birds are in the field to woo the new constituencies. In a mild and gentle manner, suitable to his native Devonshire, Sir Stafford Northcote has been courting the Barnstaple division, which he seeks to represent in the new Parliament. What is there in the air of Devonshire to foster mellifluousness of speech? In action, Devon's sons have many a time fought most valiantly for their country. Can it be that Devonshire cream softens the tongues of Devonshire men? Be that as it may, it is clear that neither Sir Stafford Northcote's amiable deliverance at the Barnstaple Music-Hall on Monday nor his Bideford utterances under the ominous auspices of Mr. Pine Coffin on Tuesday can be accepted as Battle Cries to inspire the Conservative Party to fight and to "conquer again and again."

Mr. Chamberlain's bold bid for the Democratic vote did not escape mild and vague animadversion on the part of Sir Stafford Northcote both at Barnstaple and at Bideford. But he merely nibbled at the questions respecting which the President of the Board of Trade was so outspoken at Ipswich. The Leader of the Opposition in the Commons neglected the opportunity correspondents of the press have not been slow to avail themselves of. Champion in a manner of the Landlords against Utopian and impossible plans of reform, Sir Stafford Northcote failed to take advantage of the opening given him by Mr. Chamberlain to propound and make clear to the public the Conservative proposals for a rational amendment of the Land Laws. He also failed to deliver an obvious retort in the shape of a counter-attack upon Mr. Chamberlain himself for the signal aggrandisement of the class of manufacturers at the expense of their wage-receivers. Other sharper members of the Conservative Party have, however, been quick to recognise the importance of turning the tables on Mr. Chamberlain in this way. Here, indeed, especially at a time of great industrial distress in Birmingham, is a formidable weapon for political argument ready to the hand of those willing, with Lord Randolph Churchill, to raise the standard of a "Tory Democracy."

Sir Stafford Northcote, it should be admitted, protested earnestly at Bideford on Tuesday against the injustice to his party implied by the terms Liberal and Conservative. The right hon. Baronet frankly stated that if the Conservative party desired to maintain their position in the country, and to preserve that which they held dear in the Constitution, it was their duty to remember that they must deal with all the interests of the country in a truly Liberal spirit. Quite so. The Redistribution Bill is a happy instance of what can be brought about by friendly co-operation on the part of the Conservative and Liberal leaders. It is the first step that costs. Henceforth, it may be that both Parties will vie with each other as to which can pass the more rapidly desirable measures of legislative reform. While Sir Stafford Northcote avowed himself thus progressive with regard to home affairs, and virtually a rival reformer of the Government, he hinted dislike of the Colonial policy of the Ministry generally, and claimed that Lord Beaconsfield's administration of foreign affairs contrasted favourably with the embroiled state of things on the Continent since Mr. Gladstone had been in power.

Lord George Hamilton, presiding at the dinner of the Glasgow University Club on Monday, was far more sweeping than his chief in the denunciation of the Government for their alienation of the Colonies, and for their having given offence to Prince Bismarck, who "detested a policy of cant, rant, and humbug." Lord George Hamilton also deprecated the enunciation of "revolutionary theories" by Mr. Chamberlain. Curiously enough, Mr. Bradlaugh, speaking the same evening at Coventry, referred to Mr. Chamberlain's warm welcome of the coming Democratic government, but was of opinion that the people would have to be "educated up" to the habit of self-government before the aristocracy could be supplanted.

Mr. Bright, fearful lest the new constituencies should not be posted up in the services of the Liberal Party, has rehearsed the articles of his belief afresh in a printed letter, published by the National Press Agency. In this the veteran Reformer has retold more than a thrice-told tale. Mr. Bright says of looming legislation:—

The Land Laws will be reformed, and much of them reformed out of existence. In past times and now our land laws have been framed to protect the great estates of great families. Great estates lead to great farms, and great farms lead to the result that it is almost impossible for farm-labourers to become farmers, and thus the path of the intelligen and hard-working labourer to an improved position and condition for himself and his family is barred and blocked.

The holding of great estates under entails and settlements, and often heavily mortgaged and burdened, makes it impossible for them to be well cultivated; and thus the demand for labour is lessened, and a better rate of wages is prevented. This whole system of Land Laws must be broken down, and the new and great reform will do little, if it does not get rid, as far as possible, of the mischiefs of the past.

The Game Laws, too, will come under revision. Parliament may accept the principle that the creatures which live on and from the land are the property, if there be any property in them, of the farmer at whose cost and by whose labour the farm is cultivated.

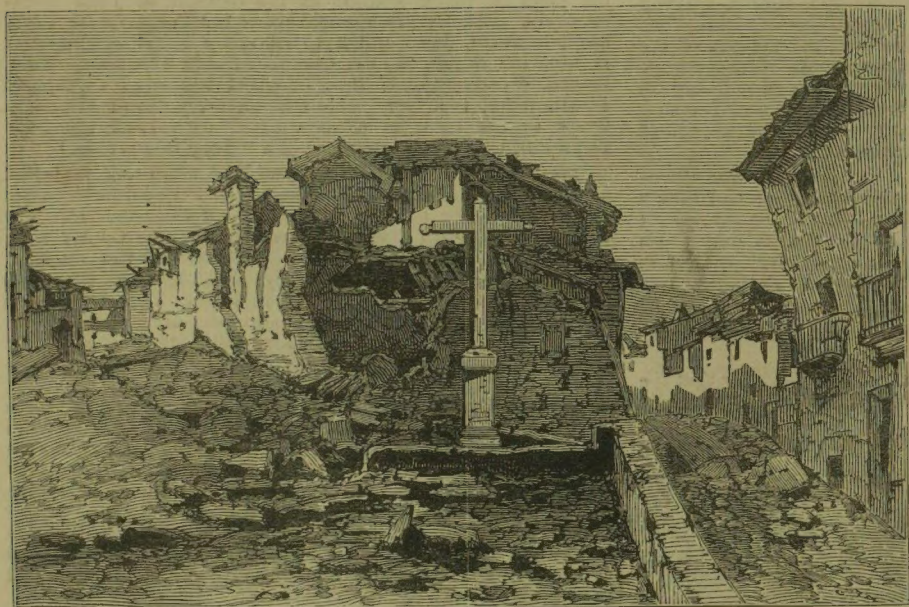
Last week 2876 births and 1855 deaths were registered in London, both having exceeded by 42 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 47 deaths from smallpox, 27 from measles, 21 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 40 from whooping-cough, 8 from enteric fever, and 8 from dysentery.

We are requested to state that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have caused a medal to be prepared by Mr. Allan Wyon, from designs by Mr. Poynter, R.A., as a memorial of the founding and endowment of the Whitworth Scholarships by Sir Joseph Whitworth. Their Lordships have also authorised the issue of a copy of this medal to each of the scholars who have held scholarships, and have gone through the prescribed course satisfactorily.





GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF ALHAMA.



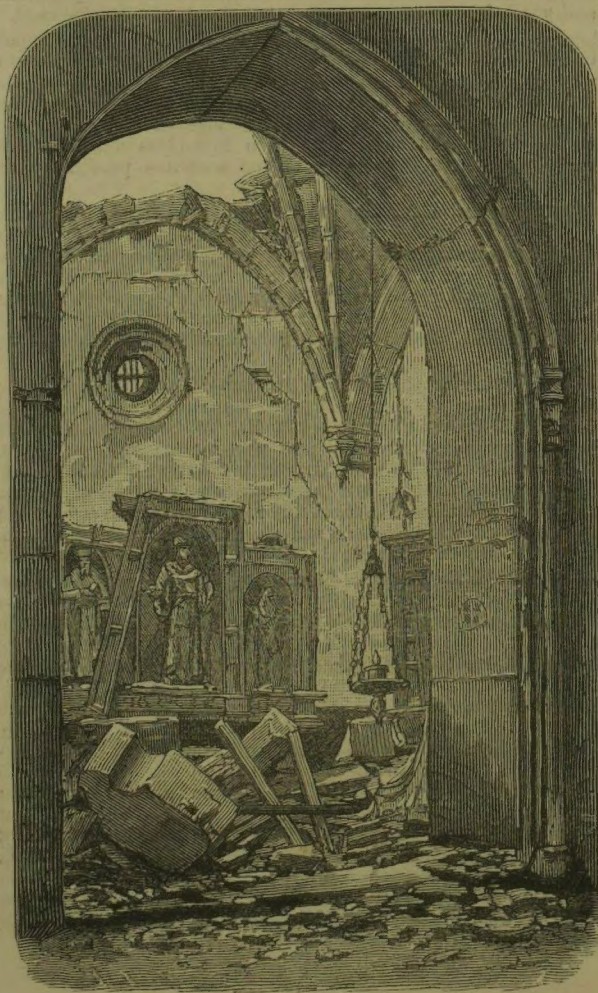
CALLE DE AGUAS, ALHAMA.



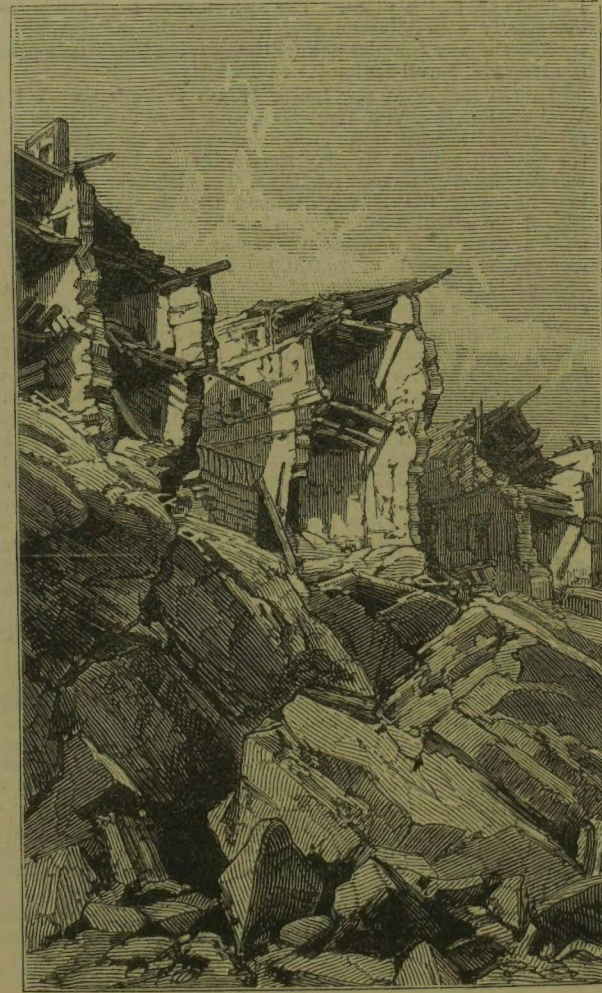
PROCESSION OF THE ROSE GARLAND AT GRANADA.



A STREET IN ALHAMA.



CHAPEL OF THE HIGH CHURCH, ALHAMA.



THE TAJO AT ALHAMA.







## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF AYLESFORD.



The Right Hon. Henrice Finch, seventh Earl of Aylesford and Baron of Guernsey in the Peerage of Great Britain, J.P. and D.L. for Warwickshire, whose death, at Big Springs, Texas, is announced, had been in declining health for the last year, but nothing serious was apprehended until a few hours before his demise. His Lordship was born Feb. 21, 1849; the eldest son of Henrice, sixth Earl; was educated at Eton; and succeeded, Jan. 10, 1871, to the family honours, conferred by Queen Anne on the celebrated lawyer, the Hon. Henrice Finch. The late Peer's mother, Jane Wightwick, only child of Mr. John W. Knightley, of Offchurchbury, was a Warwickshire heiress. The Earl married, Jan. 8, 1871, Edith, third daughter of Colonel Peers Williams, M.P., of Temple House, Berks, and leaves only two daughters, to the younger of whom, born in 1875, the Princess of Wales stood sponsor. The titles devolve, consequently, on his brother, the Hon. Charles Wightwick Finch, now eighth Earl of Aylesford, born June 7, 1851, who has been twice married, and has issue, by his second wife, a son, Lord Guernsey, and two daughters. The nobleman whose death we record held formerly a Captain's commission in the Warwickshire Cavalry, and was well known but most unfortunate on the turf. At his fine old seat of Packington Hall he entertained, in 1874, the Prince of Wales, and subsequently accompanied his Royal Highness to India.

## THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

The Right Hon. Thomas Barnes Cochrane, eleventh Earl of Dundonald, Baron Cochrane of Dundonald, Lord Cochrane of Paisley and Ochiltree, in the Peerage of Scotland, one of the Representative Peers, died on the 15th inst., at 4, Hyde Park-place. He was born April 18, 1814, and educated



at Eton. After serving three years in the Royal Navy, he entered the Army in 1830, and was with the 66th Regiment throughout the rebellion in Canada. His father, Thomas, tenth Earl, better known as Lord Cochrane, was the gallant and distinguished Admiral, whose destruction of Napoleon's ships in the Basque Roads, in 1809, was a very memorable achievement in naval annals. The nobleman whose death we record succeeded to the family honours in 1860. He married, Dec. 1, 1847, Louisa Harriet, daughter of Mr. William Alexander Mackinnon, M.P., of Mackinnon, and had two sons and four daughters; the elder son, Douglas Mackinnon Baillie Hamilton, now twelfth Earl of Dundonald, Captain 3rd Life Guards, born Oct. 29, 1852; married, Sept. 18, 1878, Winifred, daughter of Mr. Robert Bamford-Hesketh, of Gwyrch Castle, Denbighshire, and has one daughter.

## THE EARL OF WILTON.

The Right Hon. Arthur Edward Holland Grey Egerton, third Earl of Wilton, Viscount Grey de Wilton, and Baron Grey de Radcliff, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Hon. Colonel Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry Cavalry, died on the 18th inst. He was born Nov. 25, 1833, and educated at Eton,



and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was formerly Lieutenant, 1st Life Guards. From 1859 to 1865 he sat in the House of Commons for Weymouth, and from 1873 to 1874 for Bath. His politics were Conservative. In 1875 he was created a Peer as Baron Grey de Radcliff, and in 1882 succeeded his father as Earl of Wilton. His Lordship married, in 1858, Lady Elizabeth Charlotte Louisa, eldest daughter of William, second Earl of Craven, but had no issue. His brother and successor, Seymour John Grey, now fourth Earl of Wilton, was born in 1839, and married, in 1862, Laura Caroline, daughter of Mr. William Russell (of the House of Bedford), and has a son, Arthur George, Viscount Grey de Wilton, born 1863, and one daughter.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel John Stephenson Ferguson, 2nd Life Guards, on the 11th inst., in his fiftieth year.

Mr. John Christopher Baron Lethbridge, of Tregcare, Launceston, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L.

The Most Rev. Dr. Quinn, for many years Roman Catholic Bishop of Bathurst, at an advanced age.

Mr. Charles Featherstonhaugh, of Stafffield Hall, Cumberland, J.P. and D.L., on the 10th inst., in his seventy-third year. He served as High Sheriff in 1857.

Mr. William James Hertslett, H.M. Consul for East and West Prussia, Posen, and Silesia, on the 12th inst., at Königsberg. He was for fifty years in the Consular Service.

The Rev. T. Thornton, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Durham, Rector of Shadforth, on the 7th inst.

Mr. Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A., Lawyer and Antiquary, on the 4th inst., in his seventieth year. Son of Dr. Coote, advocate in Doctors Commons; he was author of "The Romans of Britain."

Lady Maria Anne Keppel, widow of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Southwell Keppel, M.A., Rector of Quiddenden, Norfolk, and eldest daughter of Nathaniel, second Earl of Leitrim, on the 8th inst., aged eighty-three.

Lady Hardy (Laura), wife of Sir John Hardy, Bart., of Dunstall Hall (elder brother of Lord Cranbrook), and third daughter of Mr. William Holbeck, of Farnborough, Warwickshire, on the 19th inst.

The Rev. Edward Paske, one of the oldest clergymen in the diocese of Norwich, aged ninety-two. He held the living of St. Peter, Creting, near Bury St. Edmunds, and also of Battisford, for over sixty years.

Mr. James Jones Aston, Q.C., on the 17th inst., after a long illness. Mr. Aston, who was in his sixty-second year, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1846, and a few years ago was appointed a Queen's Counsel in the County Palatine of Lancashire.

Dowager Lady Ribton (Emily), widow of Sir John Sheppey Ribton, of Woodbrook, Bart., and previously of Mr. Walter Hussey Hill. She was only daughter of Mr. Thomas Quinlan, and was married to Sir John Ribton in 1841. Her death was the result of a carriage accident.

Dr. Evan Buchanan Baxter, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and, until recently, Professor of Materia Medica in King's College, on the 14th inst., aged forty. Dr. Baxter was an accomplished scholar. He edited the last edition of "Garrod's Essentials of Materia Medica," and contributed papers of interest and importance to the medical journals.

Mr. William Eliot, head of the firm of Messrs. Eliot, Pearce, and Co., bankers, on the 20th inst., at his residence in Weymouth, in his ninety-second year. The deceased was the oldest Freemason in Europe; in fact, he is believed to be the oldest in the world, having been initiated nearly seventy years ago.

Lady Georgiana Charlotte Fullerton, sister of Earl Granville and the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower, M.P., on the 19th inst., at her residence at Bournemouth, aged seventy-two. Her Ladyship had been an invalid for a long time. She married, July 13, 1833, Mr. Alexander George Fullerton, of Ballintoy, county Antrim.

Lady Catherine Georgiana Barrington, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Canon Barrington, Rector of Watton, Herts, at St. Leonards, on the 18th inst. Her Ladyship was the fifth daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Chichester, and was born July 21, 1814. She married, Oct. 26, 1837, the Hon. and Rev. Lowther John Barrington, son of George, fifth Viscount Barrington, by whom she leaves a family.

Mr. Thomas Davison Bland, of Kippax Park, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., at his seat near Leeds, on the 10th inst., aged seventy-two. He was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Davison Bland, of Kippax Park, by Apollonia Mary, his wife, daughter of the sixteenth Lord Stourton, and was grandson of Mr. Thomas Davison, who took the additional surname of Bland on inheriting the estates of his cousin, Sir Hungerford Bland, Bart., of Kippax Park.

Vice-Admiral James Hosken, on the 9th inst., at Ilfracombe, Devon, aged eighty-six years. The deceased officer entered the Royal Navy so far back as 1808, and passed his examination in 1816. In 1836 he took command of the Great Western steam-ship, in which he made sixty-six passages to and from New York; and in 1844 he was appointed to the command of the Great Britain steam-ship. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy in 1857, became a retired Rear-Admiral in 1875, and a Vice-Admiral in 1879.

## THE TROUBLES IN BECHUANALAND.

It is to be hoped that the efforts of Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of the British Government in South Africa, and of Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., Special Commissioner in Bechuanaland, will be successful in effecting a pacific settlement of the dispute occasioned by the unruly conduct of some of the Boers who have squatted on the lands beyond the western frontier of the Transvaal. These people, it will be recollected, with others of a lawless disposition, have formed themselves into two semi-independent communities, styled the Republics of Stellaland and Goshen; the latter being situated to the north, on the Molopo river, in the territory of a native tribe whose chief, named Montsioa, is considered to have some claim to British protection. It is here that the political difficulty has to be dealt with, as the southern community, that of Stellaland, which is adjacent to the West Griqualand or Diamond Fields province of the Cape Colony, seems disposed to accept the Colonial jurisdiction; and the Government of the Cape, represented by its responsible Ministers, has recently been endeavouring to negotiate with the Boers, at Vryburg and Goshen, for the incorporation of the whole country with its own dominions. The Dutch Government of the Transvaal, or South African Republic, disavows all responsibility for the actions of the Goshen Boers; and it is reported that President Krüger will meet Sir Charles Warren on the frontier to concert measures for the pacification of the country; but there can be no doubt that the Goshenites have been receiving aid and encouragement from some of their friends and kinsmen in the Transvaal. Bechuanaland is a region very difficult of access, its nearest part being quite five hundred miles from any point of the seacoast, and a much greater distance from the Cape, in the very centre of the interior of South Africa; it is a long and narrow strip of country between the Kalahari Desert, to the west, and the Transvaal to the east, hitherto frequented only by a few traders and hunters, but there are English missionary stations among the native tribes. As a route for commerce with the large native population farther north, this line is deemed of considerable prospective importance; and it was therefore kept outside of the Transvaal frontier in the amended convention signed last year by Lord Derby and Sir Hercules Robinson with Mr. Krüger and others in London. The object of Sir Charles Warren's present mission is to enforce the due execution of that arrangement; to investigate the disputed land claims between the native chief and the Boers of Goshen; and, if the latter prove disobedient to lawful authority, to expel them by force, with the aid of a corps of armed volunteers raised in England and in the Cape Colony, and a small force of regular troops. We trust that these extremities will be spared by the timely submission of the Goshenites, and that the proposed annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony will put an end to every cause of trouble.

Of the Sketches by Mr. H. C. Sepping Wright, which are presented as illustrations of the recent disturbed state of that country, the first shows the interruption of travelling on the ordinary trade route through Stellaland and Goshen, when those pretended local Republics insisted on levying duties which the traders refused to pay, and the waggons and horses were frequently seized. To avoid such extortions they were often obliged to quit the usual road, which had previously been a free highway, and commerce was greatly hindered. The second sketch is that of a scene witnessed on the eve of the late disturbances in Goshen, when the families of the Boers residing there were sent to the Transvaal for safety. We see the Dutch family leaving their home; everything in the house is put into the waggon. Mrs. Boer sits up on the cartel or bed inside the waggon; the father helps the Kaffir servants in loading up; and the eldest daughter is taking leave of the husband she may never see again. In the distance beyond the oxen is a small troop of armed Boers, ready to act as an escort.

Mr. J. C. Clarke, M.P. for Abingdon, has offered to build, at his own expense, a cottage hospital for the borough, at a cost of about £1000.

## THE COURT.

The Queen, with the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, Prince Edward of Wales, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy, officiated. Prince Albert Victor of Wales, attended by the Rev. J. Dalton, C.M.G., arrived at Osborne last Saturday; leaving for Cambridge on Monday morning, to resume his studies. The Duchess of Albany, who had been staying for some time with the Queen at Osborne, left on Monday.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Colonel Teesdale, V.C., arrived at Cumberland Lodge last week on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian. The Prince left the Great Park yesterday week upon the conclusion of his visit to Prince and Princess Christian, and, driving to the Windsor station of the Great Western Railway, returned by the 4.10 express to London. Prince Albert Victor, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon from Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses received in the evening the Dutch, Belgian, and Swedish Envoys, who, in the names of their Sovereigns, presented to Prince Albert Victor the highest decorations of their respective countries. Last Saturday morning the Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the members of the standing committee of the trustees of the British Museum. His Royal Highness, attended by Colonel Teesdale, left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sandringham. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham. The Rev. Canon Fleming preached. The Swedish and Norwegian Minister, Count Piper, who has been on a visit to the Prince and Princess since Saturday, left Sandringham on Monday morning for London.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have returned to Eastwell Park, and are about to receive a succession of guests there.

The King of Portugal has created M. De Oliveira, Attaché to the Portuguese Legation in London, Baron De Oliveira.

## CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Jan. 21.

There is little to remark about the Money Market, the situation having scarcely altered. Large repayments have been made by the public to the Bank of England, and instalments on the New Zealand Loan and other issues have told upon the supply of cash in the market. Beyond this exceptional demand, however, loanable capital has not been in much request; and the fact that at times short money is quoted under 3 per cent per annum, and on other occasions at nearly 4, sufficiently expresses the condition of the market. Three months' bills have been discounted as low as 3½ per cent. The influence exercised upon the tendency of the Stock Markets by the course of monetary events has been slight, the changes being in response to other considerations. The English Funds have been firm, Consols having at one time touched par, though they are now about ¼ lower than that. In foreign bonds the continued heaviness in Argentine loans has formed the chief incident, both the National and Provincial Banks now having suspended specie payments. Business in Egyptian stocks is checked by the uncertainty in connection with the proposals put forward by the English Government. Railways of all classes have been depreciated in value. Home descriptions have been offered on unfavourable expectations regarding the dividends not yet announced, and on discouraging views about the current half-year's business. American lines have fallen on the further failures in New York, and Canadian have moved in sympathy. Mexican railway stocks also have receded, and there has been a reduction in the Indian issues. There has been little to call for attention in the more miscellaneous securities.

It is only a few months ago that two Lombard-street banks (Bosquet's and Barnett's) were absorbed by a provincial joint-stock bank, and now Messrs. Glyn's Bank is registered as a joint-stock company. Forty years have elapsed since the passing of the Bank Act; and it is just over fifty years since, by the establishment of the London and Westminster Bank, the joint-stock principle of banking was popularly taken in hand. In the interval, about one half of the private banks then existing have disappeared, while so great has been the growth of joint-stock banks that private banking has become relatively of unimportant dimensions. But Messrs. Glyn's example will deal a heavier blow at the old method than anything which has yet been experienced. While registering as a joint-stock company, the partners retain unlimited liability as partners, and they remain the sole partners except that to qualify to be a joint-stock company in point of numbers some additions have been made from the families of the old partners. Lord Wolverton is a partner for £274,000, Sir Charles Mills for £274,000, Mr. Currie for £249,000, Mr. Pascoe Glyn for £100,000, Mr. Charles Mills for £75,000, Mr. Algernon Mills for £26,000, and two juniors for £1000 each. No partner may sell out, except to the remaining partners, for at least seven years. A balance-sheet is to be published, but not a profit and loss account.

The Great Eastern Railway Company recommend a dividend at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, and, after the usual £15,000 has been credited to permanent-way renewal account, a surplus of about £18,000 will remain to be carried forward. This is ½ per cent per annum higher than the distribution for the second half of 1883, when £10,378 was carried over. A dividend at the rate of 7 per cent per annum is notified by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company, being the same rate as for the corresponding period; while £7600 will be carried forward, compared with £5724. The deferred stockholders will receive 3 per cent for the year. Several of the companies have also issued their reports, which, however, contain nothing of special interest, except perhaps that of the Metropolitan. In this case complaint is made that the District Company, by their action in attempting to run additional trains between Hammersmith and Mansion House, have blocked the Inner Circle traffic.

Owing to the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company having suspended their bonded interest payments, committees were formed in Europe towards the end of last year. The delegates of the London Committee have now issued their report on the financial condition of the line, which is far from encouraging. It is first proposed that some two-and-a-half to three million dollars be expended on the road during the next three years, while another recommendation is that the interest on the consolidated bonds be reduced to 3½ per cent, preferred stock to be given to an amount sufficient to make up the 7 per cent interest, if earned.

Some question having arisen in India regarding the accounts of the fire insurance and river flotilla reserve funds, the Eastern Bengal Railway Company have found it necessary to postpone the issue of the warrants for the payment of the final dividends. The sum meanwhile sanctioned by the Earl of Kimberley is 1,18,619 rupees, which is 35,262 rupees less than the amount which was to have been paid by the company.

T. S.



## THE NILE EXPEDITION.

## BRITISH VICTORY AT ABU KLEA.

Telegrams have been received from Lord Wolseley announcing a British victory by General Stewart's command—about 1500 men—over the Mahdi's forces at the Abu Klea Wells, twenty-three miles from Metammeh, on the 17th inst. The following report is from the *Times* correspondent:—

Korti, Jan. 21.

General Stewart reports that he has fought a successful battle near Abu Klea Wells, twenty-three miles from the river.

The Hussars, who were out reconnoitring on the 16th inst., reported that they had discovered the enemy in force. It being then late in the afternoon, it was impossible to accomplish anything decisive. The English, therefore, bivouacked; having first strengthened their position, which was exposed to a distant fire.

Next morning they delayed for some time to move, hoping to induce the natives to attack; but, as it appeared that they were hesitating, the English moved out in front, with a view to enfilade the Arab position.

Before this could be effected, the natives, numbering about 10,000 men, wheeled to the left and charged down on the left front corner of the square. Sweeping round to the left, they penetrated the heavy cavalry formation, and during the mêlée which ensued Colonel Burnaby, fighting hard, was killed with a spear thrust.

This face had not quite closed up before it was attacked, but the men in it maintained a hand-to-hand fight. In the meantime, the other faces inflicted great loss on the enemy, who at last retreated under a heavy fire, leaving 800 dead round the square, none who had actually approached it escaping.

The cavalry was sent on at once, seized the wells, and occupied them; the whole of the force, including the camels, baggage, &c., being brought up there from the last bivouack next morning. General Stewart was about to push on to Metammeh when the messenger conveying this intelligence started.

Everyone here praises loudly the admirable manner in which the affair was conducted by General Stewart, who for his part speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of all ranks. Our loss was severe, but our success was complete.

The part of the Camel Corps attached to General Earle's command has gone on to Hamdab. It is reported that reinforcements from Berber have arrived at Wady Gamr. The enemy say they will resist at Birtel. This is a village twenty-eight miles above Hamdab and as much below Wady Gamr, which is about ten miles from the scene of Colonel Stewart's murder. All letters for General Earle's command are ordered to be sent to Korosko for Abu Ahmed by the Desert route, which is now considered safe for travel, as the column will have reached Abu Ahmed by the time the first caravan across the Desert arrives there.

On Friday the Mudir of Dongola telegraphed to the Khedive announcing the return of his messenger to General Gordon. This man says: "General Gordon immediately questioned me as to the state of Dongola. During my stay in Khartoum the Mahdi sent a letter to General Gordon asking permission to enter Khartoum. General Gordon replied that he could come; he was willing to go to Omdurman to receive him. Orders were given to the troops to be ready. General Gordon, with four steamers carrying cannon, crossed the river to Omdurman. On their arrival, a considerable number of rebels attacked them. A sharp fight took place, and the rebels sank one steamer with a shell. The other steamers rescued the crew, and continued the fight, eventually dispersing the enemy. I afterwards visited the Mahdi's camp, and learnt that the Mahdi had several men kept in chains, among whom were Saleh Bey, Slaten Bey, and many others, but Hussein Bey Khalifa was free, and prays daily with the Mahdi. The strong tribe of the Bakarah left the Mahdi, and were followed by his troops, but they fought and beat the Mahdi's men. The tribe have returned to their homes."

There is continued fighting with Osman Digna, on the Red Sea coast about Souakim, and the first battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, a squadron of Hussars, and two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery have been ordered to Souakim from Cairo. They were expected to leave about Friday. It is reported from Constantinople that the Sultan has given orders for an expedition of six thousand men to occupy Souakim. It is proposed to defray the expenses out of the revenues of certain territories on the Red Sea littoral belonging to Egypt.

Our large Engraving in the Supplement this week represents an incident of military tactics in the Sudan campaign.

## "ONLY THAT ROSE!"

Is it much to ask of this young lady? She is going up stairs, after a happy evening of social gaiety, saying "Good-night" to departing guests, one of whom, a gentleman who has long sought by refined attentions to win the desired place in her favour, still lingers behind the others, in hopes of one sweet last word. He cannot be satisfied, indeed, without many more words, the last from her being to him so much the sweetest that he must detain her for yet another; and now he has ventured to ask her for a gift. "What is it?" she says, holding back the flower that has fallen out of her bouquet, the flower which he picked up for her in the ball-room while dancing; and his answer is what she must have expected, "Only that rose!" These little transactions are symbolical of tender regard, and more eloquent than any of the long speeches in which old-fashioned romances make a lover plead with the mistress of his affections, abounding in elaborate phrases of flattery and professions of devotion. Something or other to the same effect, upon occasions of such a nature, will always be said or done while man and woman feel a mutual interest in each other; and that will be so long as the world goes round.

C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,  
Qui fait le monde à la ronde;  
Et chaque jour, à son tour,  
On fait l'amour, par tout le monde.

A powerful steel armour-clad twin-screw turret-ship, built for the Brazilian Government by Messrs. Samuda, was successfully launched at Poplar last Saturday.

The tenth annual edition of Mr. W. F. Howe's "Classified Directory to the Metropolitan Charities" has been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

The draught of the new charter for Wilton, one of the most ancient boroughs in England, has been received. It gives the town twelve councillors, and suggests that the election shall take place on Nov. 1.

Mr. C. B. Lawes, the defendant in the Belt case, came up before Mr. Registrar Hazlitt, in the Court of Bankruptcy on the 15th inst., when an order of discharge was made. The liabilities were returned at £25,021, and the assets had realised £1208.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

**MINIATURE CHESS CLUB.**—There are two monthly magazines devoted to chess published in England—the *British Chess Magazine*, John Wilkinson, Fairfield, Huddersfield; annual subscription, six shillings, post-free to all parts of the world; and the *Chess Monthly*, L. Hoffer and J. H. Zukertort, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London; annual subscription, ten shillings, postage extra. We can cordially recommend both. We are obliged for the compliment.

**B H O (Salisbury).**—The key-moves of the problem from "Chess Strategy" are 1. P to K 3rd and 2. K to K 3rd, the rest is "leather and prunella."

**E L G (Blackwater).**—See answer to B H O.

**CS (Venice).**—We cannot send "slips," but have forwarded our last Number.

**W H D (Clapham).**—"The Knight's Tour" was exhausted many years ago, and is now only found in the company of "acrostics" and things of that kind.

**REV W A (Old Romney).**—Your last solution of Mr. Vanishtar's is the same as ours, and, as we think, the author's. The other is a "true bill."

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2126** received from F E Gibbins (Tiflis) and Emile Frau; of No. 2127 from D W (Aberdeenshire), E L G, J R (Edinburgh), Clement Fawcett; of No. 2128 from Columbus, Emile Frau, W Davis, L Vanderhagen, Janie B (Devonport), W H D Hervey, D W, S S Redmond (Wexford), Carl Friedleben, G Neursius (Brussels), Benthergen (Ghent), W F R (Swansea), Hugh Davidson, and E L G; of all the *CHRISTMAS CHESS NOTES* from J G G; of L HERMET's PROBLEMS from Clement Fawcett and B H O (Salisbury); of McARTHUR's PROBLEM from Plevna, B H O (Salisbury); of SHINKMAN's PROBLEM from Jumbo and William Davis.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2129** received from Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), G W Law, Aaron Harper, G R N (H.M.S. Asia), H Wardell, H Z (Manchester), H Reeve, G A Walker, R L Southwell, J R (South Hampstead), Doudman, W Biddle, G S Oldfield, E Casella (Paris), G Seymour, N S Harris, J Heyworth Shaw, L Wyman, S Euton, H Blacklock, M O'Halloran, S Lowndes, D W Keil, L Desanges, Hereward, R H Brooks, Otto Funder (Ghent), J T W, T Greenbank, L L Greenaway, B R Wood, A W Scrutton, F F Pitt, F and G Howitt (Nowich), F Ferris, R P (Chaffers), Laura Graves (Shelton), G Neursius (Brussels), Joseph Am-sworth, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Kitten, Jumbo, Jupiter Junior, C Darragh, Henry Hancock, An Old Hand, W Hillier, T H Holden, R J Vines, Carl Friedleben Benthergen (Ghent), A M Porter, James Pilkington, H Lucas, L Falcon (Antwerp), J G An-tee, E Loudon, Emmo (Darlington), Shadforth, Hugh Davidson, E E H, G Huskinson, A Mogren, and H Steinfort.

**NOTE.**—This problem cannot be solved, as many of our correspondents have imagined, by way of 1. K to K 4th, afterwards bringing the White King to K B 2nd, defending the Pawn. When the King has been played to that square, Black promotes his Pawn to a Knight, checking, delaying the mate beyond the stipulated number of moves.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2127.

**WHITE.** 1. R to Kt 3rd  
2. R to Q 3rd  
3. P to Q 5th. Mate.

**BLACK.** P to Q 4th\*  
P takes Kt

\* If in the above variation Black play 2. Kt moves, then either Kt mates accordingly; if 1. K to K 4th, White continues with 2. Kt to R 5th, and 3. Kt to Kt 6th. Mate. The other variations are obvious.

## SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS CHESS NOTES.

**No. 1.** **WHITE.** 1. Q to Kt 8th  
2. Mates accordingly.  
**BLACK.** Any move

**No. 2.** 1. Q to Q B 7th  
2. Q mates.  
**BLACK.** Any move

**No. 3.** 1. P to K R 6th  
2. B to R 7th, and White brings up the King, and Queens the Pawn winning.  
**BLACK.** K moves

**No. 4.** 1. B to B 5th  
2. Kt to K B 2nd  
3. Q mates.  
**BLACK.** K to B 5th  
Any move

**No. 5.** **WHITE.** 1. K to Kt 6th  
2. Q takes Kt (ch)  
3. Kt mates.  
**BLACK.** Kt to Q 4th (ch)  
Any move

Several correspondents point out a second solution, by way of 1. Q to Kt 7th.

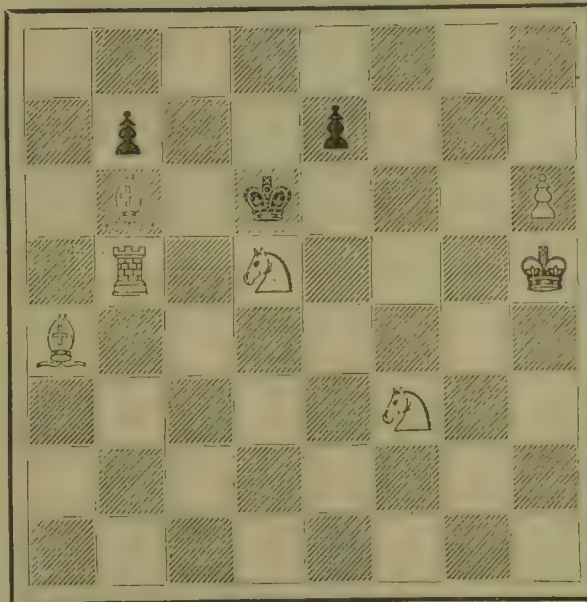
**No. 6.** 1. Q to Q B 8th  
2. B to Kt 3rd, and the mate in two moves is obvious.  
**BLACK.** K to Kt 3rd

**No. 7.** 1. Q to K R sq  
2. R takes P (ch)  
3. Kt to Kt sq (dis. ch)  
**BLACK.** B moves  
B takes R  
P to B 6th.  
Mate.

## PROBLEM No. 2131.

By Dr. E. MÜLLER (Darlington).

**BLACK.**



**WHITE.**  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of a number of Games played simultaneously at the Ilkeley Chess Club, by Mr. GUNSBURG on Dec. 29 last.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

**WHITE (Mr. G.)** **BLACK (Amateur).**  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P takes P  
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th  
4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th  
5. Kt to Kt 5th P to K R 3rd  
6. Kt takes P K takes Kt  
7. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd  
8. B to B 4th (ch) K to Kt 2nd  
9. B takes P Kt to K B 3rd  
10. Kt to B 3rd Kt to R 4th  
11. Q to Q 2nd Q to B 3rd

**WHITE (Mr. G.)** **BLACK (Amateur).**  
12. Kt to Q 5th Q to K 3rd  
13. Castles Kt to R 3rd  
14. Kt to Kt 6th Q takes P  
15. Q R to K sq Q to B 3rd  
16. Q to Q 3rd R P takes Kt  
17. B to K 5th (ch)  
All this is very neat.

A neat three-move Problem from "Chess Strategy":—  
White: K at K 5th, Q at K 3rd, B at K B sq, Pawn at K R 4th. (Four pieces.)  
Black: K at K Kt 5th. (One piece.)  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

The return-match between the City of London and the St. George's Chess Clubs was played at the rooms of the former at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on Monday last. The large number of spectators, including many amateurs from distant provincial towns, testified to the interest excited by the contest between East and West London. There were twenty competitors on each side, and the play resulted in a victory for the City with a score of twelve games to eight. Dr. Zukertort acted as umpire, and in that capacity decided unfinished games between Messrs. Salter and Earnshaw, and Messrs. Plunket and Hooke; in the first case, in favour of the St. George's, and in the second, half a point to each club. We shall give a list of the players and their several scores in our next issue.

With the new year, a new chess column has been opened in the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, of Venice, conducted by Signor C. Salviola, an Italian amateur of known ability. The number at hand contains three problems, and one of fifteen games played by Herr Englisch simultaneously, at Venice, on Dec. 26 last.

A meeting of the newly-constituted British Chess Association is arranged to be held on Tuesday, the 20th inst. We go to press too early in the week, as most of our readers are aware, to chronicle the result in this Number, but we shall endeavour to find space for it in our next.

We own to a prejudice against what are called "Chess Labels," that is to say, adhesive imprints of the pieces and pawns, prepared to fix on diagrams of the chessboard, recording problems and positions in games, &c. Our experience hitherto has been that the so-called adhesive labels never adhere to anything for any length of time; but Mr. T. R. Hopwood, of 409, Oxford-road, Manchester, has produced a "chess label" that has passed successfully through several tests to which we submitted it. The price is one penny per sheet of twelve dozen figures; or, one thousand for sixpence! The latter should serve a reasonable problem composer for the term of his natural life.

## THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, speaking at Hawarden last week, expressed himself strongly in favour of free and open churches, and urged the working classes to claim their rightful position of equality in the churches of the land.

A conference was held on Tuesday to consider the subject of Clergy pensions, the Archdeacon of Middlesex presiding. He pointed out the necessity of such a course, and was supported by several of the Clergy. A committee was appointed to take up the matter.

In aid of the fund for restoring the parish church of Lessingham, Norfolk, a concert was recently given in the Corn Exchange, Holt, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Hastings, Sir Alfred Jodrell, and Mrs. Wilkinson, whose father was for forty-four years Rector of the parish.

A mission church has been opened in the parish of Cambourne, Cornwall, by the Bishop of Truro, the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan giving the site and a donation of £400 towards the cost, which amounted to £1550.—A new mission church is to be erected at Coverack St. Keverne, near the Lizard, where the population has recently increased considerably on account of the numerous visitors in the tourist and winter seasons.

The church tower in the pleasant village of Kintbury, Berks, has been fitted with a new clock by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill. The dial is 4 ft. 6 in. diameter, of copper, painted black, with figures and hands in gold well displayed. The escapement is "Graham's" dead beat, with special improvements introduced. For the striking part, the rack-repeating principle is used, instead of the old-fashioned locking-plate, much given to strike the wrong hours. Altogether, this clock is of the best design and construction.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting last week at the society's house, No. 7, Whitehall, the Ven. Archdeacon Harrison in the chair. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects, viz.:—Building new churches at Byker (St. Michael), Newcastle-on-Tyne, £80; Stranton (St. Paul), near Hartlepool, £100; and Sunnybrow (St. John), near Crook, Durham, £150. Rebuilding the churches at Portsea (St. Mary), Hants, £250; and Pwllheli (St. Peter), Merioneth, £60;—and towards enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Rillington (St. Andrew), near York, £10; and Rye (St. Mary), Sussex, £50. The society likewise accepted the trust of a sum of money as a repair fund for St. Peter's Church, Addlestone, Surrey. The society now holds upwards of £79,000 on trust as repair funds for 327 different churches.

## THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPROS.

The following list of such of the Wranglers in the Mathematical Tripos published in June last as presented themselves for examination in the highest branches of mathematics and other obtruse subjects has been published:—

Mathematical Tripos.—Part III.—Examined and approved:—  
Class I.—Anderson, Sydney; Beckett, St. John's; Biagg, Trinity; Cassie, Trinity; H. H. Knight, Clare; Larmor, Clare; Little, Caius; Muirhead, St. Catherine's; Sheppard, Trinity; Workman, Trinity; Young, Peterhouse.  
Class II.—Hensely, St. John's; Monckton, Pembroke; Toms, Queen's.  
Class III.—Pattinson, St. John's.

Mr. William Robertson Smith, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, has been admitted to a Junior Fellowship at Christ's College.

## OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The Open Mathematical Scholarship at New College has been awarded to Mr. Edgar M. Jones, from Bristol Grammar School.

Mr. Bower Marsh, of Christ's Hospital, has been elected to an open Mathematical Scholarship at Exeter College.

## FRESH MEAT FROM THE RIVER PLATE.

The insufficiency of the home supply of meat in this country is rapidly becoming more seriously felt, and is drawing supplies from many parts of the globe. The Argentine Confederation and the Uruguay Republic, which contain together about a hundred millions of sheep and twenty-one millions of cattle, are now entering the field through the agency of the River Plate Fresh Meat Company (Limited). This company has factories at Campana and Colonia, and is refrigerating at the present time more than seven hundred sheep a day, which gives a yearly out-turn of two hundred thousand sheep. These sheep, although small, approach in quality the best Southdowns, which is quite natural, seeing that they are bred on magnificent plains covered with the richest verdure, and are allowed to mature in a natural way. The carcasses of these sheep do not, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, come into contact with ice, but are simply placed in chambers in which the air has been freed from moisture, and reduced to ten degrees below zero. They are afterwards kept in the refrigerators of the ocean steamers and of the stores on this side until sold. By these means all the juices of the meat are preserved; and the fallacy of the notion that frozen meat becomes tainted sooner than fresh meat was shown by the fact that, during the hot weather last year, the frozen mutton kept perfectly sweet for two or three days. The price at which this mutton is sold is so low that only prejudice has hitherto prevented its adoption.

Our Illustrations represent the establishments of the River Plate Fresh Meat Company at Colonia, which is a port on the River Plate accessible to ocean steamers, and at Campana, which is situated on the Parana, a grand river navigable for a thousand miles. The Province of Buenos Ayres, which is the largest source of supply, contains about seventy millions of sheep. The Illustrations show the interior of a portion of one of the Factories, with carcasses of mutton laid up there; a baling-shed for the wool, and some of the country carts being laden with the bales; a country store, with the carts drawn up for the men and bullocks to take their noonday rest; and a shepherd's hut, with its accessories, presenting a fair type of the mode of life and the accommodation with which the young men of spirit and enterprise who enter upon the life of sheep-farmers in the River Plate are satisfied. If such a life holds out few inducements in the shape of comfort and luxury, it is not without its compensations, in the way of vigorous health, with life in a fine climate, and the prospect of future independence.

It has been decided at Bournemouth to construct an under-cliff carriage drive and promenade, upwards of two miles in length, at a cost of about £25,000.

Sir William Muir, who has had a distinguished official career in India, and is a member of the Indian Council, has been elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, presided at the meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday, when a paper was read by Mr. D. Pidgeon on "Labour and Wages in the United States."

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week, from American and Canadian ports, amounted to 1088 cattle, 299 sheep, 10,621 quarters of beef, 988 carcasses of mutton, and 450 hogs.



THE TROUBLES IN BECHUANALAND, SOUTH AFRICA.



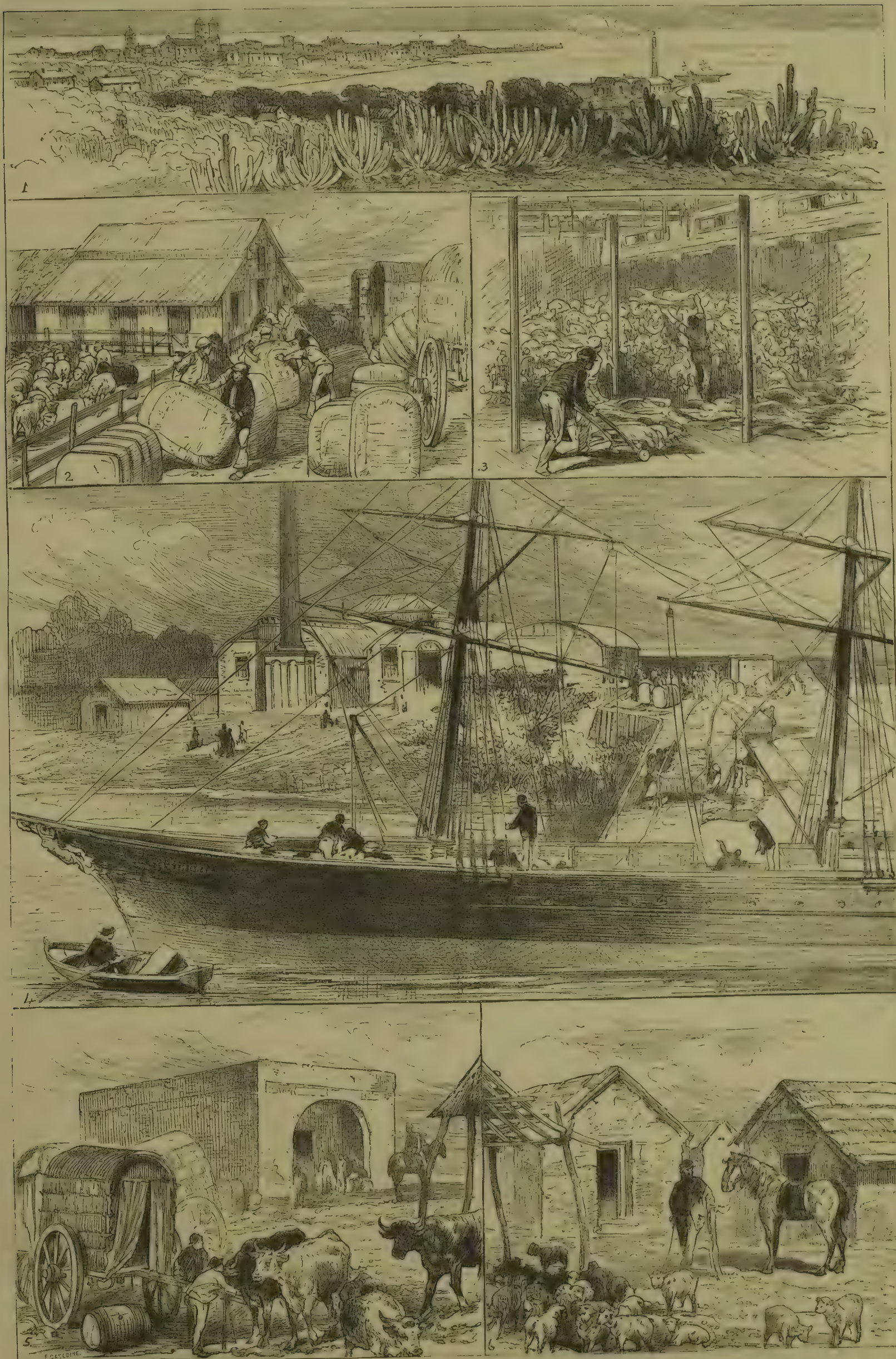
STOPPING THE TRAILERS' WAGGONS TO TAKE TOLL IN COSHEN.



BOERS OF GOSHEN SENDING THEIR FAMILIES INTO THE TRANSVAAL FOR SAFETY.



THE FROZEN MEAT TRADE OF THE RIVER PLATE.



1. Colonia, on the River Plate, with the Steam-ship Pier.  
4. Factory at Campana, on the Parana River.

2. Baling Shed for Wool; Country Carts waiting to be laden.  
5. Country Store, with Bullock-carts halting for rest.

3. Interior of a Meat Factory, with carcasses of sheep.  
6. Shepherd's Hut in the River Plate Country.



THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The annual report of the National Rifle Association gives exhaustive details of the last Wimbledon meeting. The financial result is most satisfactory, as, notwithstanding that the large sum of £1200 was added to the prize-list last July, thus bringing the amount shot for, exclusive of challenge cups, to £10,837, the receipts exceeded the expenditure by £860. The list of subscribers shows an increase of 220—namely, 3220 as against 3000. After a reference to the shooting at Wimbledon, where it is noted that the scores made were, generally speaking, not so high as might have been expected, owing to several days of very unfavourable weather, the report states that the net increase of entries, exclusive of pools, over the preceding year, was 2797, to which, for purposes of comparison, should be added 1649, as the number which would have been included had not the "Glen Albyn" been merged in the "Windmill." Thus the true increase was 4446, or about 12½ per cent. Altogether the number of prizes shot for last July was 2737, of a total value of £10,837. Of these, 2111 were offered by the association, the value being £8448, the largest amount offered since the foundation of the association, which opened the first Wimbledon meeting in 1860 with a modest list of 67, value £2238. The balance in favour of the association on Nov. 30 last was £29,624.

There is to be at Brighton on Easter Monday a review of volunteers on as large a scale as possible. At Dover four regiments of volunteers will take part in a field-day with the regular troops. Marching columns will also be organised.

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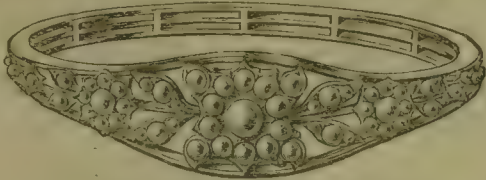
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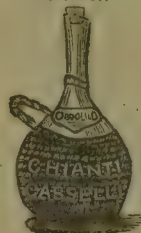
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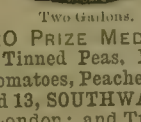
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## ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A LITTLE DISCOURAGEMENT.

One fine hot morning in the beginning of July Mr. Heriot left his house and walked slowly down Brook-street, carrying his stick under his arm and stooping slightly, as his habit was. The fashionable world was hardly out of bed yet, for the clocks had only just struck ten; but many of Heriot's acquaintances were already up and abroad, and he had not proceeded far on his way before he was accosted by some of these. A curate, hurrying along with shuffling, ecclesiastical gait, caught sight of him and crossed the road, exclaiming, "You're the very man I wanted to meet!" After which there was a brief colloquy, and Heriot's finger and thumb went into his waistcoat pocket, and a transfer of coin took place. In Bond-street, further on, some of the trades-people, who were standing in their doorways, wished him good morning, and hoped he was keeping pretty well this beautiful weather. For London is not quite the unneighbourly city that it is often represented as being, and those who spend a little money and take a little interest in the parishes wherein they dwell soon discover that the metropolis is rather a collection of small towns than one immense one. Heriot had plenty of money, which he distributed freely and unostentatiously among those who had none; so that his kindly, ugly face was tolerably well known in the streets which lay between his house and his club.

"Mornin', Sir. Aint seen you this three weeks," said the crossing-sweeper in Piccadilly. "Bin porly agin, Sir?"

But Heriot, as he produced the expected sixpence, said No, he had only been down in the country; and so passed on to Duke-street, where he was informed that Mr. Vidal was at home and at breakfast.

Vidal greeted his friend with even more warmth than usual. "My dear old chap, how delighted I am to see you! What the deuce do you mean by going out of town the very day that I return? Sit down, and they'll bring you some hot coffee in a minute."

"Thanks, I have breakfasted," answered Heriot; "but I'll smoke a cigarette with you if you'll allow me. Well; and what is your news?"

Vidal made a gesture of profound discouragement. "My news! Why, you must know already what my news is likely to be. I suppose you have seen the papers?"

"I have been staying in a house where they don't take in many papers," answered Heriot, conscious of an unflattering ignorance upon a subject which ought to have engrossed him more deeply; "but I saw some very favourable notices of your book before I left London."

"Oh, some of them were civil enough; some of them always are, I take it. But the people whose praise is worth

having won't hear of me at any price. They've found me out, my dear fellow; they've discovered the nakedness of the land, as I knew they would. Just look at that!"

And he tossed a copy of the *Monday Review* across the table to Heriot, who began to read aloud the article to which his attention was directed.

"It is not as often as we could wish that we are able to congratulate the writers of novels upon having selected a thoroughly appropriate title for their works, and we are the more ready to accord this praise to the author of 'Satiety,' since it is very nearly the only word of praise that we have it in our power to bestow upon him. If ever three volumes were calculated to produce upon the mind of the reader that sensation of which the heading of each page appears to be intended as a dismal warning."

At this point Heriot thought he wouldn't read aloud any more, and finished the article in silence, while Vidal, who had thrown himself into an arm-chair, smoked and stared up at the ceiling.

After a longish pause, the younger man said: "There are lots of others there at your elbow. You had better look through them, and then tell me honestly whether you still think I have a chance of doing any good at this trade."

Heriot obeyed, and, after perusing a dozen or so of critiques, long and short, exclaimed: "Why, my dear boy, nearly all of them are complimentary, and some are positively fulsome. Here's the *Society Newsman* says—"

"I don't care two straws what the *Society Newsman* says," interrupted Vidal; "and it doesn't give me the smallest satisfaction to be praised for qualities which I don't possess."

"The *Discriminator*, then—since you won't be contented with anything less than a high-class journal. The *Discriminator* pats you on the back in the most friendly way, and thinks that 'this is in many respects the most remarkable novel of the year . . . The characters are not only drawn with rare skill—that of Lady Tatterville, the selfish and cynical old woman of the world, would have done no discredit to Thackeray—but behave themselves under all circumstances as such characters would behave themselves in real life. Mr. Vidal knows what he is writing about, and gives us a sketch of modern society, in certain of its developments, which we must admit to be substantially accurate; although we may doubt whether he is justified in his conclusion that the men and women of our day are less capable of being roused to enthusiasm than their predecessors. We wonder, for instance, what he would say to the crowds of fashionable ladies who thronged to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey not many years ago, or to the considerable number of men who brave ridicule at the present time by wearing a scrap of blue ribbon in their button-holes. We should like Mr. Vidal to think out these and similar manifestations before he writes his next novel . . ."

The story upon which he hangs his brilliant digressions is, it is true, of the slenderest kind, and seems to us to be wanting in movement throughout; but"—

"Ah, there it is, you see," interpolated Vidal.

"Well; but he goes on to say that, if the story lacks this, it has abundance of that and t'other, and winds up by prophesying that you will leave your mark upon the literature of the era. Isn't that good enough for you?"

"I must say," remarked Vidal, after smoking for some minutes in silence, "that I like the *Discriminator*. I think it's honest, you know. One may not always agree with its views; but one feels that it is written by men who are doing their best to be fair, and who don't scamp their work. When they review a novel they read it, and read it carefully too—which is more than can be said for some of their contemporaries."

"It is, no doubt, an excellent paper," agreed Heriot, without the shadow of a smile. "The *Monday Review* has also its merits; but it is too superficial, and it labours under the disadvantage of being somewhat celebrated for its smart writing. Imagine the position of an unlucky paper which has to keep up that reputation when opportunities for smartness are so often wanting. I think you ought to be more sorry for the poor *Monday Reviewer* than angry with him. What could be more pathetic than this? 'If "Satiety" were as preposterous in plot, as silly in dialogue, or as ungrammatical in style as many of the novels which our duty compels us to peruse, we could feel relatively grateful to Mr. Vidal, since it is just possible that our labours might then have been lightened by an occasional laugh. But it is none of these things. It is only dull; only vapid; only wanting in every single quality that goes to make a readable novel.' Can't you see the wretched man rubbing his head in despair? 'Hang it all! I must be smart; I must maintain the character of the paper; I must amuse the public; and here's this pestilent fellow won't give one half a chance! No words used out of their proper sense—no confused metaphors—no pea-green sunsets—no nothing!' And then he very naturally turns upon you in his exasperation and declares that 'it is not too much to say that in the course of a very long experience of novels we have come across none so uninterruptedly tedious as "Satiety." 'A very long experience,' too, poor fellow! Don't you see that if he has been doing nothing but review novels all his life, he can't be capable of any very ambitious literary work? And why should you allow yourself to be cast down because a man of such low intellectual calibre fails to appreciate you?"

"I am quite well aware that you are laughing at me, Heriot," said Vidal; "but there is some truth in what you say, for all that. The unfortunate part of it is that critics influence the public—at least, I suppose they do. I wish you would tell me what you yourself thought of the book."

Heriot hesitated for a moment. "I read it with a great



deal of pleasure," he said, at length; "but I can't honestly say that it struck me as being a good novel. You know as well as I do what its defects are; and I should say that you could very easily avoid them next time. If I were you, I wouldn't be above learning by experience; and I think I should be very well satisfied with such success as the book has had."

"It has had no success," answered Vidal, gloomily. "It doesn't sell."

"H'm! That is a good deal worse than adverse criticism." "Well, yes, I am afraid it is. I hoped to make a living by my pen; but now—I don't know. Do you think I have it in me, Heriot?"

Heriot looked distressed. "I think you have it in you to write a much better novel than 'Satiety,'" he answered. "More than that I can't venture to say. I can only repeat what I told you at Lucerne."

"Ah, yes!" sighed the young man. "Sometimes I wish I had never gone to Lucerne; and yet—Come, Heriot, put me out of my pain, and let us get it over. You know what I have been dying to ask you all this time."

"I hoped you had got over that," Heriot said.

"Well, I haven't got over it. I shall never get over it," returned the other, impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, speak out, man. She has accepted him, I suppose?"

"No; she has refused him, I am sorry to say. But, my dear Adrian, what difference does that make?"

Vidal's reply was to start out of the arm-chair in which he had been reclining and to fling Heriot's hat up to the ceiling—his own not being available.

"Difference!" he exclaimed. "The difference between life and death, that's all! So long as I have something to live for and ever so small a particle of hope to cling to, I can work and do my best. I don't think I could have begun all over again, and changed my style of writing, only to get a little praise from the *Monday Review*. So she refused him, eh? Did she give any reason?"

"Really I don't know," answered Heriot, with a vexed laugh. "I presume she did, but I don't think it likely that she named your existence as the reason. All that I have heard about it was in a letter from Mrs. Irvine, who is already resigned to the loss of Wilbraham, and feels confident that somebody equally eligible will turn up. You are not equally eligible, and I do hope and trust that you will have the decency to refrain from turning up."

The young man was silent for a minute or two, and then said with sudden vehemence: "Heriot, I want to see her!"

"I dare say you do; but it is your duty to put a curb upon your desires. At least, don't go down to Polruth this summer. In another twelvemonth you will probably know something more definite as to your future income."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime, there is of course the chance of her marrying somebody else. It seems to me that you will have to risk that."

"Well—I'll try," said Vidal, with something of an effort.

"I won't make any promise, because I might not be able to keep it; but I admit that I should have no right to propose to her now; and so, no doubt, the most prudent course is to avoid her. You are horribly unsympathetic, do you know, Heriot."

"No; only I have a difficulty in believing that a man can lose his heart irrecoverably in these days. However, you shall have all my sympathy so long as you continue to exercise a little self-denial."

"It isn't a little; it's a very great deal. You must write to me, when you are down there, and tell me all about her—everything, mind, whether you think I shall like it or not."

Vidal's buoyant spirits began to rise as soon as he was alone. A great weight had been lifted off his mind by the news of Mr. Wilbraham's final rejection, and the failure of his book no longer seemed to him an irretrievable calamity. Remembering how many famous authors have had to force their way through preliminary neglect and ridicule, he felt a little ashamed of his faintheartedness. After all, as Heriot had said, it would be easy—possible, at all events—to correct in a second work the mistakes which had proved fatal to the first. The essential thing was to find out what the public really liked; a point upon which he had hitherto hardly bestowed enough attention, perhaps.

That same evening he happened to be at a large dinner party in company with a journalist of repute and a popular novelist. To them he determined to address himself for the required information, and, after the ladies had left the dining-room, he sat down beside the journalist and put the question to him point-blank. "What do you think that the novel-reading public really likes?"

The journalist, who was a big, burly man, with blunt manners, replied, "That's rather a puzzler. Incident—humour—pathos—development of character—I can't say exactly. What's one man's meat is another man's poison, you know. But I can tell you what nobody likes, and that's being preached at. Take my advice, Mr. Vidal, and leave sermons to the parsons, whose business it is to produce them. What you want to do is to amuse people, and you'll never do that by tying a string of essays together and calling it a novel."

"I dare say you are quite right," said Vidal, meekly; "but I didn't so much want to be told what to avoid as what to seek."

"Well, if you ask me, I should recommend you to write a sensation novel. In fashion or out of fashion, they always pay and always go down with the public. Give it 'em hot and strong, Mr. Vidal—battle, murder, and sudden death—and see if they don't swallow it as I swallow this glass of claret. Devilish good claret it is, too!"

Apparently this was not a person of refined taste. Vidal now betook himself to the author, who at once began to talk to him about "Satiety," and was exceedingly polite and encouraging, as men who have reached the top of the hill commonly are to those who are still struggling up the ascent. On being inquired of as to what the novel-reading public really liked, he answered, confidentially: "Well, between you and me, the novel-reading public means the women. If we don't succeed in pleasing them, we are nowhere."

"And what do they like?" Vidal pursued.

"Ask them," replied the other, with a laugh, and turned away to speak to someone else.

Vidal thought he might do worse than act upon this hint. In the drawing-room he approached his hostess, a lively little old lady who had once been a beauty, and begged her to tell him who was her favourite novelist. Without any hesitation, she named the one who was present, thereby surprising her questioner a little.

"I admire his writing immensely," said the latter. "His descriptions of scenery are inimitable, and he is never tedious; but"—

"Ah," interrupted the old lady, "that isn't what I mean. His books charm me because there is so much love-making in them. There is nothing so delightful to read about as love-making—of course I mean the English variety, not the French. Love is the one subject that interests us all. Some of us like to read about it because we know nothing of it at

first hand; others because it brings back to us the happiest days of our lives. If any woman is bored by love-scenes, so much the worse for her!"

"But there is some love-making in all novels," objected Vidal.

"I prefer the novels in which there is very little else," said the old lady.

The next person to whom the inquirer applied was a young married woman. Her reply to his first question was identical with that of her senior; but she was rather more concise and explicit in her reasons. "He understands us," she said; "he knows how we feel. Most of you don't."

After this, Vidal met with various responses, none of which helped him very much towards a conclusion. One lady, rather maliciously, gave her verdict in favour of Mr. So-and-so, "because his novels are always in such nice big print"; another declared for a writer of her own sex, "because she is so delightfully improper"; not one of them had the presence of mind to answer boldly "You." But perhaps that was partly because not one of them had been able to read his book.

When Vidal went away, he betook himself to the smoking-room of his club, and sitting down in a corner, tried to sift something serviceable out of the mass of advice and information which he had received during the day. The effort was not attended with much more success than such efforts generally meet with; for though teachableness is an excellent quality, it can do but little for its possessor in the absence of adequate teachers, and no one had taken the trouble to point out to Vidal exactly in what way he was to set about improving his style. The whole, when summed up, seemed to mean that, if he wanted his books to sell, he must give them a little more of human interest; which, to be sure, he might have discovered without consulting such a number of persons. However, he had unconsciously made one valuable acquisition, in the shape of a considerable increase of humility; so that his investigations had not been quite so fruitless as he supposed.

That month of July remained long memorable to Vidal as having brought him the first persistent attack of low spirits with which he had been afflicted in his life. He employed the customary remedies in vain. Of balls, dinners, and other entertainments he had as many as he could desire; for if he had not succeeded in earning popularity as a writer, he had long since achieved it as an individual; but the relaxations of society only left him dull, dissatisfied and weary of life. These alarming symptoms he naturally set down to grief at his separation from Clare Irvine; but what he was in reality suffering from was a loss of self-confidence. He was no longer able to write with ease; he was hampered by a constant dread of boring his readers, and he would have given up writing altogether for a time, had he not felt that time was of so much importance. Once he went down to Brighton for a few days on a dutiful visit to his mother, who lived there, and returned more depressed than ever.

Mrs. Vidal, a well-preserved widow, whose tastes were more expensive than her means were large, had a standing grievance against her two children in that they had been left independent of her, and had thus deprived her of an income to which she considered herself to be entitled. Her son had never lived with her since he had attained his majority, and her daughter was in the habit of seeking solace for an adventurous spirit in distant travel; so that she would perhaps have had some right to esteem herself neglected by them, had she not, as a fact, found her own society and that of her friends in Brighton a great deal more congenial than theirs. Adrian, who was of an affectionate nature, had been repelled in his earliest boyhood by her icy coldness, and now always treated her with the distant courtesy which she preferred.

"People tell me that you have written a clever novel," she said, on the afternoon of his arrival. "I seldom read novels; but I have made a point of ordering yours from the library. Have you made much money by it?"

"Not very much," Adrian confessed.

"No; I should not think that you would ever earn much money at anything," his mother observed, dispassionately. "And yet you must be in need of money, I suppose. If I were in your place, I should think seriously of making a good marriage. No doubt you meet many rich people in London—City people, perhaps, with daughters. It is a pity not to take advantage of opportunities, when they present themselves."

"I don't think I should care about going in for that sort of thing," said Adrian, in a tone which implied that he did not wish to discuss the question further.

"What sort of thing? Marriage in general?"

"No; only marriage as a financial speculation. Rather than come to that, I would"—

"Marry somebody's lady's-maid?" suggested Mrs. Vidal, who had never forgotten the unfortunate episode in her son's past life which has already been alluded to. "Well, there is no accounting for tastes, and you are not likely to be influenced by mine. I only hope you may find your literary earnings sufficient to support you and your wife, when you decide upon taking one—as of course you will, one of these days."

It may have been accident or it may have been the dawning of a suspicion that caused Mrs. Vidal to recur more than once during Adrian's visit to the topic of his possible marriage. "You will never be much better off than you are now," she said; "for the little that I have will be divided between you and Georgina, and even that little may not come to you for a considerable number of years. By far your best plan would be to marry money while you still have good looks and a certain vague reputation for talent. Heiresses, I suppose, expect some equivalent for their fortunes, and perhaps it would hardly be wise to count upon either of your special advantages increasing with age."

Such speeches as this did not tend to raise poor Vidal's drooping spirits. His mother's bland malignity would have affected him less at any other time; but just now it came upon him like the proverbial last straw. Neither she nor anyone else seemed to have the smallest belief in his future; and the worst of it was that that future could never, in the nature of things, be anything but uncertain. Even supposing that his next novel should have the good fortune to please the world, would that bring him any nearer to the settled income which fathers-in-law usually make a *sine qua non*?

He went back to London and allowed despair to get the upper hand of him. By degrees he began to admit that Clare Irvine was not for him; for patient waiting was not among his capacities. Yet, the more he became convinced that his dream must be abandoned, the more he longed to break his half-promise to Heriot and run down to Polruth for a day or two. He dallied with this temptation until it assumed a definite shape. It would be so easy and so innocent to make Cornwall the scene of his summer holiday! He would scrupulously avoid lingering on the north coast; but from Falmouth or Penzance he might slip over to Polruth, put up at the village inn, and let nobody know that he was there. Only to see her would be enough. And if he did call once, utter a few commonplaces and bid her a silent farewell, who could possibly be the worse for it? Heriot's objections were grounded upon a supposition which only the most outrageous vanity could accept, and Heriot himself could hardly have the cruelty to forbid one brief afternoon call.

And while he was thus educating his conscience, a letter reached him which silenced that troublesome inner voice in a most effectual and satisfactory manner. The moment that Vidal caught sight of the envelope on his breakfast-table and noted its hurriedly scrawled address, he guessed who his correspondent must be, and when he tore it open and saw that it was dated "Cardrew, Polruth," he invoked a fervent blessing upon the head of Mrs. Irvine.

That impulsive lady wrote very much as she spoke.

"Dear Mr. Vidal,—

"I told you I would let you know about Mrs. Treweeke's lodgings, and you see I have not forgotten, although I have been very busy ever since our return, so many things requiring attention, and the boys being all at home, which always keeps one in a state of bustle, besides other matters which have worried me a good deal; but of course one must expect worries in this world."

"About Mrs. Treweeke. I was only waiting until we got Mr. Heriot down here—and now he has been with us three days and is looking so much better that it is quite a pleasure—so I went at once to see her, and she says she is sure she can make you comfortable. Two sitting-rooms and bed-room, two guineas a week—more than she ought to ask, I think; still one must not be hard upon them, poor souls, with such a short season and all the trouble that there has been about the fishing this year, and I am sorry I said that to you about the wine, because I am certain she is as honest as the day, and her feelings might be hurt, so perhaps after all you had better not."

"Now do, pray, think of it. We should all be so very glad to see you again, and Mr. Irvine wishes me particularly to say how sorry he is that we have no spare room just now. Most lovely scenery and plenty of fishing and lawn-tennis, and of course, if you stay long enough, there will be the shooting. Please excuse haste, and with our kindest regards,

"Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"ELIZABETH IRVINE."

"I forgot to say about that Italian governess—don't on any account recommend her. She has turned out to be a most disreputable person, and the ten pounds that I lent her I never expect to see again. Such a mercy that nobody had engaged her before I discovered the truth!"

There was no holding out against that. Vidal did not even attempt to do so, but dispatched a grateful reply to Mrs. Irvine, and hurried off to buy a Bradshaw forthwith.

(To be continued.)

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among the music recently issued by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are some pleasing songs: "The Shilling" and "The Beauteous Song," both by O. Barri; "Jerusalem" and "The Golden Path," by H. Parker; and "Love's Legacy," by J. S. Crook, may all be recommended as melodious, and each, in its respective style—serious or sentimental—expressive of the purport of the words. Some bright dance music, appropriate to the season, has also been issued by the same firm. This includes the following waltzes:—"Maiden Dreams," by E. Bucalossi; "Ethel Valse," by E. De Valmency; "Cerise Waltz," by C. Deacon; and "Coryphée Waltz," by C. R. Duggan; all sprightly pieces.

"Love's Legacy" is the title of a very graceful song, by Charles Salaman, a setting of some expressive lines by his son, M. C. Salaman. It is published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

"Loved Voices," by Edith Cooke, is a song with a flowing melody—simple yet expressive—that may be rendered very effective by any intelligent singer, although possessing but a moderate compass of voice. It is published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as is a "Bourrée" for the pianoforte, by Charles Gardiner, a bright piece in the quaint old dance form implied by the title.

"Autumn Serenade" and "To Columbine" are two charming songs by M. Massenet, the French composer, who has lately gained a special success by his opera "Mao," an English version of which will be given by Mr. Carl Rosa's company during the approaching season at Drury Lane Theatre. The songs just named have a distinct touch of national character in their combination of piquancy and grace. They are issued with both French and English text, the latter being by the late H. S. Leigh. Mr. J. Williams is the publisher, as also of a collection of twelve "Merry Little Songs for Merry Little Folk," the music arranged by Mr. A. Randegger to words by L. H. F. Du Terroix. The songs are bright and pleasing, and varied in character, and are well calculated to interest juvenile musicians. From the same publisher we have a melodious "Slumber-Song," composed by Mr. H. Weist Hill, the eminent violinist, for his instrument, with pianoforte accompaniment. It is also arranged for viola or violoncello, and will prove acceptable in any of these forms.

"Can You Forget," by J. Roeckel; "We've Said Farewell," by Tito Mattei; "Bright Days of My Childhood," by J. Thomas; and "In After Years," by Cotsford Dick, are songs in each of which there is much genuine sentiment expressed in very melodious strains. They are published by Keppel and Co.

"Ransford's Collection of Baritone and Bass Songs" published by Ransford and Son) now comprises a very large number of vocal pieces by eminent composers of various periods.

"The Organists' Quarterly Journal" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) has entered its ninth volume with the sixty-fifth part. Its editor, Dr. Spark, organist of the Leeds Townhall—who is also a frequent contributor to the contents—maintains the interest and value of the work, which consists entirely of original pieces, composed expressly for it. The current number contains five contributions by well-known English and foreign organists.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh and London, have issued on one sheet three excellent maps to illustrate Sir Charles Warren's mission to South Africa; and Messrs. G. Philip and Son, 32, Fleet-street, have published a special large map of the approaches to Khartoum, on which the reader of the events of the present Nile Expedition will find it easy to follow the course of our troops from day to day.

"Webster's Royal Red-Book," which includes a Court guide, Peerage, Baronetage, guide to the House of Commons, embassies and consulates, Ministers and officers of State, law courts, Government offices, clubs and their secretaries, bankers, army and navy agents, Royal households, and Privy Councillors, is published for 1885. Its condensation does not detract from the practical value of its information.

The number of new admissions into the London Hospital in 1884 amounted to 8015, by far the largest ever admitted into any hospital in England. The total number of patients treated was 8565. The largest number of patients at any one time in the wards was 659. The number of accidents treated in the wards was 2480. The children received and treated under the age of twelve years amounted to 1545.



## OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. THE FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

The Dutch pictures, in Gallery No. II., and the Italian, in Gallery No. IV., need not detain us for any length of time. The former are not less interesting, nor the latter less curious, than similar works of the previous years. But our own national collection is so rich in specimens of Dutch and Flemish masters that, unless private collectors have something of rare excellence to display, they run the risk of provoking disparaging criticism. On the present occasion, the bright and brilliant "Landscape," by Cuyp (101), lent by her Majesty the Queen, is one of the gems of the room—a woodland scene suffused by the golden light of the setting sun; whilst his "River Scene" (114), lent by Mr. David Sellar, a perfect harmony of silvery grey, shows the wide sympathies of the same artist. The other works lent by her Majesty are a small cabinet picture, by Paul Potter, of exquisite finish, "Sportsmen" (119), but more popularly known by the title of, "The Shooting Ponies." It tells with minute distinctness its little story of the halt of two brother sportsmen at a village inn. One is talking to the hostess, whilst the other, on the grey pony, is having the girth tightened previous to setting off on their homeward journey. When one recollects that the artist scarcely outlived his twenty-eighth birthday, and that there are in existence upwards of three hundred of his pictures known to collectors, the delicate finish displayed in such a work as this is little short of marvellous. "Le Corset Bleu" (109) is the third contribution from that scarcely known treasure-house of Dutch works—Buckingham Palace—and is one of the most refined specimens of Gabriel Metz's work. Although a homely Dutchman, with apparently few inducements to take a different path to that followed by his constant companion, Jan Steen, Metz soon forsook the scenes of cottage and cabaret life, in which the former delighted to show his knowledge of the people, and sought in a higher rank subjects for his brush. "The quaint home scene, in which the lady in her blue pelisse, trimmed with ermine, plays the principal part, is painted with great refinement, and shows Metz—as he not infrequently was—a successful rival of Terburg. Two pictures by Franz Hals show this gifted artist in two very different moods. The "Portrait of a Dutch Lady" (105), in a black dress and white ruff, unites dignity with homeliness, and is perhaps the most perfect realistic portrait in the whole exhibition. "The Fiddler" (94), on the other hand, is full of colour and movement—is almost what our neighbours would call "tapageur" in its effect and result, and shows more life than even that curious and much admired work in the Trippenhuys, at Amsterdam, "The Jester," with which it has something in common. The "Portrait of Admiral De Hochepeid" (96), which hangs close by, is chiefly noticeable for the marvellous harmony of its colouring, a yellow doublet, over which a gold embroidered belt is crossed. As in most of Van der Helst's pictures, his excessive care of details and his correctness, exaggerated almost to a fault, are fatal to enthusiasm, and the present work is not one of his exceptional ones, wherein his pedantry is pushed out of sight. "The Conversation Piece" (136), attributed to Dirk Hals, the younger and erratic brother of Franz Hals, is worthy of some notice, in spite of its obvious shortcomings. So rare are his works, that "The Spinnet" in the Van der Hoop collection at Amsterdam was at one time his only recognised work; but Stuttgart, Hanover, and our own National Gallery, now claim to possess each a specimen. The picture here exhibited represents a group of men and women, in the costume of the time, assembled for a bridal feast, or some such family ceremony. Although the drawing is not always anatomically correct, the arrangement of the drapery and the harmonious colouring of the silk dresses of the ladies and velvet cloaks of the men are very striking. The river scenes of Van Goyen (72 and 73), the three almost identical subjects—Gerard Dow's "Water Doctor" (76), Jan Steen's "Sick Lady" (140), and the "Sick Lady and the Doctor" (75), should be compared. A forest scene by Aart Van der Neer (89) is extraordinary in its rendering of space and distance, and Terburg's "Lady at her Toilet" (121) is a minute and perfect rendering of a lady's dress and dressing-room.

The Italian pictures, which occupy the greater part of the last room, are more interesting to the antiquarian than to the ordinary picture-seeker. Interminable portraits of Virgins and Saints, by unknown artists of the Siennese, Florentine, and Milanese schools, may even possess attractions for the ecclesiologist; but it is difficult for the ordinary secular mind to find helps to either awe or admiration in such works. It is interesting, however, to find that an English church (St. Mary's, Nottingham) possesses so charming a work as the "Virgin and Child" (225), by Fra Bartolommeo; but one cannot help thinking that it would be more fully appreciated if transferred to the rising Nottingham Museum. Carlo Crivelli's "St. Catherine" (216) has a face full of pathos; and even a sadder chord is touched by B. Vivarini's "Death of the Virgin" (206); but the two most important works in the room are attributed to painters who came from north of the Alps. "The Marriage of the Virgin" (215), which is boldly credited to Van Eyck, is so important a work that it is strange that the history of the picture has not survived, at least partially, as well as its colour. It is scarcely possible that some notice of a work on which the artist must have spent many months, if not years, cannot be found amongst Van Eyck's biographers. In internal evidence, the picture looks rather German than Flemish; but at what date it left the easel is difficult to determine. "The Adoration of the Magi" (230), from Castle Howard, stands upon very much surer ground; and although but little is known of Jean Gossaert (or Mabuse, as he is more generally known, after the name of his native town, Maubeuge), the history of this magnificent work can be traced for centuries. It has gone through many vicissitudes, and has had many escapes from destruction; it has adorned, by turn, the walls of monasteries, palaces, churches, and private galleries, and at length came into the possession of the last Duke of Lorraine, and, after a short halt in the Orleans Gallery, passed on to Castle Howard. It is unnecessary to give a detailed description of the wonderful group assembled round the Mother and Child, who in their simplicity outshine the gorgeousness of their surroundings. In the crowns and emblems of the Magi, archaeologists will find an inexhaustible mine; and the freshness with which the minutest details are preserved enables all to profit by the lesson to be learnt. The only contemporary work at all comparable to the Castle Howard Mabuse is Bellegambe's "Adoration of the Trinity," to be seen in the Cathedral of Douai. The two painters, who lived almost at the same time, were born within a few miles of one another, and the resemblance between their works is therefore most interesting. Mabuse, having left behind him more specimens of his skill, is consequently the better known; but, as Douai lies so very little off the route to Paris or Brussels, perhaps some may be tempted to make acquaintance with his less known but not unworthy rival, Jean Bellegambe.

Next Monday has been appointed for the reception of works of art intended for the spring exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries.

## OUR LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Our Lady Bountiful resembles nothing so much as a fairy godmother. Neat, small, elegant, and charming, with her soft white hair arranged in curls round her pretty pink and white old face, and dressed invariably in plain black dresses, she sets an example to all those who impatiently refuse to grow old, and, accepting her years gracefully, never looks like anything save what she is—a cheery old lady, with a soul as young as ever it was.

Fortunately for those around her, our Lady Bountiful is not well off: were she so, she would pauperise half the parish; but, with "economy" for her watchword, she wages such war in her kitchen and drawing-room against waste that, at the risk of being called cheese-paring and mean, she has always something to give away, some trifle or other that she can hand over to the thousand protégés that are always within her gates, and has invariably some superfluity that she can go without should some particularly urgent case appear to her to require immediate attention or relief.

Passing over the squalid poor as looked after sufficiently by the parish priest and the district-visitors, she turns her whole attention to succouring the genteelly indigent, and to caring for those whose antecedents forbid them from asking for relief. It is sufficient to name such a one before her, and immediately our Lady Bountiful sets her brain in motion, and, by hook or by crook, arranges some manner of assisting or alleviating the distress that magnifies immensely the moment her eyes fall upon it.

True, she never waits for details: these she would scorn as cruel and unnecessary, inquisitorial and absurd. That Lorenzo comes of a good family, is clever, and in want, is enough for her; and though there are to be found some who would insinuate that "serve him right" is the verdict in his case undoubtedly, she wears alpaca instead of silk for a while, and hands her protégé the difference; or gives herself acute bronchitis for a whole winter by stinting her fires that Lorenzo may be warm, regardless that he may come to call on her in what other people would call a state of intoxication, but what appears to her excitement only; or that he disappears suddenly from her list of visitors, and is never heard of any more.

At first, his disappearance is undoubtedly a blow: she had grown fond of her scapegrace. But very soon her spirits revive: she believes Lorenzo has gone off once more to fight the world, for which she has armed him again, and that some day he will return, "bringing his sheaves with him" to lay at her feet, as a token that he acknowledges the debt he undoubtedly owes her—and she looks out for another case, consoling herself until the return of the prodigal with doing the same kindly task over again for someone else.

Then, too, she has a perfect mania for discovering geniuses, all more or less under a cloud. One of her tiny, beautifully-written invitations to have tea with her, or to come in after dinner, strikes awe into all her friends' hearts; for do they not know that this means nothing more or less than a couple of hours spent in listening to her last "find" recite, or play, or sing, well enough maybe, but not in a manner that should authorise her to take the biggest theatre or opera-house in London, as she would do, had she the money, to bring out her protégé properly, and break through the powerful cabal that keeps him or her from shining as they undoubtedly were born to shine? For our Lady Bountiful is a firm believer in those mysterious powers that band themselves together to keep obscure authors and actors down. She verily is convinced that "influence" is the key to success; and nothing would make her acknowledge that the voice of the people, considered by most individuals as the voice of the gods, is aught save the claque judiciously arranged about the house, and as judiciously paid by the one who has the wherewithal, and who therefore succeeds.

While owning candidly that Irving is a genius, she cannot help thinking that Jones could do equally well had he only his chance: while Juliet Tracey is so immeasurably superior to Ellen Terry, that nothing save prejudice and lack of proper raiment keep Juliet from the great and immediate success that is waiting for her as soon as her wardrobe is renovated from our Lady Bountiful's little store, and prejudice is removed by a cautious manipulation of the daily press. And it is sufficient for anyone to be mentioned as likely to give a party, for our Lady Bountiful to post off immediately, armed with a long list of "Berti families," or "Smithji families," or Juliets, Romeos, and singers male or female, the engagement of any of whom will ensure a success for the party immediately; and all are to be had for a consideration, which is always small, but invariably less to anyone who is a friend of our Lady Bountiful.

When the little ménage next door to her tiny house put down the second nurse because rice was low in the market, our Lady Bountiful ate nothing else, and entreated her friends to do the same, because in no other way could the price be made to rise once more. She positively waged war violently against beet-root sugar, because it edged Barbadoes out of the market, and in consequence caused another neighbour some other loss of temporary comfort; and she angrily boycotted every lawyer in the place when other acquaintance were in trouble over the loss of a chancery suit; and, in fact, always suffers so much in others' sufferings that all her neighbours conceal from her if possible that anything is amiss in their households, lest their troubles should be made double by the manner in which our Lady Bountiful would insist on all and everyone doing their utmost to set them on their legs again.

Her house, too, is a monument to her unselfish care of others. On her walls hang pictures by men who would have been P.R.A.'s long ago were it not for the "cabal"; her chairs are made by deserving people born for anything rather than cabinet-making, judging from the specimens of their art put for our accommodation; the tea is from another protégé, who, we believe, grows it in a small greenhouse at Camberwell, erected by our Lady Bountiful to give him a start; her curtains are washed and ironed by lady amateurs; and her black silk dresses are purchased from another friend, who buys about fifty yards at a time, and endeavours to make a living on the cent per cent profits he charges on the very small amount he disposes of to our Lady Bountiful and such of her acquaintance who are too weak-minded to refuse her what gives her so much pleasure; for, can she only obtain such an order, she is happier than most of us would be were we left a fortune this moment that would make us independent for the rest of our lives. True, we get just a little bit tired of her enthusiasm, that is never damped, no matter how many or severe are her failures: still, it does us all good in this self-seeking world to see or hear of anyone so purely unselfish, so generous, and so undaunted by reverses as is our Lady Bountiful.

J. E. PANTON.

As a memorial to the late Dr. Angus Smith, his library, consisting of 3500 volumes, has been bought by subscription, and presented to Owens College, Manchester.

A sum of £2000 has been presented to the Rev. Francis Tucker on his resigning the pastorate of Camden-road Baptist chapel, Holloway, of which he has been the minister for twenty-seven years.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 2, 1884) of Mootizum ool Moolk Mohsenood Dowlah Fureedoon Jah Synd Munsoor Ullee Khan Bahadour Nusrut Jung, Nawab Nazim of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, late of The Palace, Moorshedabad, Bengal, who died on Nov. 4 last, was proved in London on the 6th inst. by James Lyster O'Beirne, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3700. The testator directs that his non-Nizamut children shall be brought up in the Moham-medan faith, and such as are males, at the age of ten, be sent to England to receive a good and suitable European secular education, and be trained for the legal, medical, military, or mercantile professions, as they shall show aptitude or choice. His body, and the bodies of his predeceased children buried at Kensal-green Cemetery, England, are to be taken to the sacred city of Kerbela, Turkish Arabia, and there interred. He states that he has, by settlements and gifts, disposed of the bulk of his property in his lifetime, and he now gives the remainder of his property, after payment of debts and expenses, and the expense of the removal of his own and his children's bodies to Kerbela, and of having a pilgrimage performed on his behalf to the Holy City of Mecca and to the Tombs of the Apostles, as to £3000 for such of his grown-up sons as his wife, Mohammedadee Begum, and his executors may deem to have usually resided with him; and as to the ultimate residue for the use of his said wife, and for the maintenance and education of his non-Nizamut children.

The will (dated April 7, 1884), with a codicil (dated May 29 following), of Mr. George Burges, late of No. 9, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and of Hawthorn Dale, Warfield, Berkshire, who died on Nov. 9 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Mrs. Susanna Mary Burges, the widow, Charles Woollam, and Thomas Hay, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £87,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate and plated articles to his wife, for life, and then to his two children; £1000, and all his furniture, linen, china, books, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, to his wife; and legacies to his executors and others. His residence, Hawthorn Dale, and all his real estate in the parishes of Warfield, Binfield, and Bray, he devises to the use of his wife, for life, with remainder to his son, George Herbert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death £25,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Ellen Mabel; and the ultimate residue for his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1879) of Mr. William Bangs, late of Devonshire House, No. 221, Bow-road, builder, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Bangs, the widow, Walter Hunter, and Edwin Wendover, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £70,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his wife; and legacies to his executors, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wendover, for their trouble. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 28, 1884) of Mr. Robert Field, late of Grimsby, Northamptonshire, who died on Oct. 23 last, at St. Leonards, was proved on the 20th ult. by Alfred Benjamin Field, the son, Timothy Edward Cobb, and Donald Nicol, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for his son Robert Henry, and a further sum of £6000 to him absolutely; £6000 each to his daughters, Mary Breedin, Catherine Louisa Field, and Elizabeth Field; £6000, upon trust, for his daughter Ellen French Perry; there are also some additional gifts to his unmarried daughters, and legacies to his executors, a grandson, and to servants. The residue of the personality and all his real estate he gives to his son Alfred Benjamin.

The will (dated June 15, 1878), with a codicil (dated the following day), of Miss Fanny Bouwens, formerly of No. 7, Bouverie-place, Folkestone, but late of No. 22, West Southern-hay, Exeter, who died on Nov. 10 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Major Lambert Henry Bouwens, R.A., and Theodore Edward Bouwens, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testatrix, after making some specific bequests to her said nephews, leaves the residue of her personality to them, and to her nieces, Marian Honora Delves Broughton, and Emmeline Bouwens.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1879) of Mrs. Louisa Fisher, late of No. 3, Stanhope-street, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 19 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Bertram Wodehouse Currie, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain Government stocks, amounting together to over £30,000, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to each of three nieces, and the remainder of the income to her sister Georgina Currie, for life; and, subject thereto, she gives the said trust funds to the children of her brother Raikes Currie, and of her sister Marianne Raikes. There are legacies to godchildren, late and present servants, and others; and the residue of her estate and effects she leaves to the children of her brother the Rev. Francis Raikes.

The will (dated Sept. 10, 1884) of Admiral Thomas Chaloner, C.B., late of Gisborough, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 20 last, was proved at the York district registry on the 17th ult. by Alfred Walker Simpson, Robert Charles Yeoman, and William Henry Anthony Wharton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Chaloner, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement, £1000 per annum; but, if he does not leave any children, he leaves her his mansion house, Loughull, with a farm, and £2200 per annum, to be increased according to the amount of the tonnage rents of his estate, for life; and he bequeaths legacies to his executors and to servants. The residue of his property, subject to a provision for his younger children (if any), he settles on his eldest son. If he leaves no children, he gives his sister, Charlotte, £500 per annum, and the remainder of the income of his property is to accumulate during the lifetime of his wife; at her death he settles all the residue of his property on his said sister, for life, with remainder to Richard Godolphin Walmesley Long, the second son of his niece, Charlotte Amelia Long. The furniture and effects at Loughull are to go with the mansion and estate.

The will (dated July 18, 1884) of Mr. Henry Wyndham, late of Norrington, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Henry Hungerford Ludlow-Bruges, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator gives, devises, appoints, and bequeaths all his property, whether real or personal, to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Ludlow Wyndham, for her own use absolutely.

Owing to the success which attended the two excursions to South Sea Islands, dispatched in June and July last, it is the intention of the Union Steam-Ship Company of New Zealand to repeat the same. The steamer Wairarapa (1786 tons) will leave Auckland, New Zealand, in July next; and, during a cruise of four weeks, will visit Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and other of the beautiful islands of the South Pacific. A second excursion is premeditated immediately upon the return of Wairarapa to Auckland.





THE NILE EXPEDITION.—AN ALARM IN THE DESERT: ADVANCED GUARD CALLED BACK TO THE MAIN BODY.



## NEW BOOKS.

It is the familiar custom of the day, and one by no means unacceptable to the public, to present the great standard authors of the country in selections. We like our literary food served up in small and dainty portions, and have seldom an appetite strong enough for the solid and varied dishes that agreed so well with our forefathers. If our appetite is less, our taste is probably more refined; and few readers familiar with the writings of Dean Swift will deny that a half is sometimes better than the whole. *Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift, with a Preface and Notes by Stanley Lane-Poole* (Kegan Paul), is an attempt to compress within a small volume the quintessence of nineteen octavos. Of course, none of the unwholesome matter in which Swift revelled is retained, and the book can therefore be read aloud in the family circle. The greatest master of irony in the language is seen here in some of his most powerful efforts; yet we venture to think that the general reader, for whom the editor has laboured, will not find these selections especially attractive. Already, probably, he is acquainted with "A Tale of a Tub"; he is certainly familiar with "Gulliver's Travels," and will hardly care to read these extraordinary works in fragments. The famous "Argument on the Abolishing of Christianity in England," and the "Modest Proposal," which Mr. Leslie Stephen justly styles "one of the most tremendous pieces of satire in existence," give, no doubt, a proper Swiftian flavour to the book; and so, in another way, does "The Drapier's Fourth Letter." Yet, we venture to say that this carefully edited and beautifully printed volume will not convey to a reader, previously ignorant, a correct impression of Swift as an author, and much less as a man. It is in his least laboured writings—or what seem to be the least laboured—that the Dean of St. Patrick is the most attractive: in his Letters; in his Journal to Stella; in his nonsense verses. Truly does Mr. Lane-Poole say that, "to enjoy a great writer fully, you must read him through and then read him again." If the reader has not the interest or the patience to do this, the next best thing is a volume which shall represent the writer in all his moods. This is not done in these "Selections," and doubtless the editor will say that it was not his intention to do it. He considers that the introduction of verse would have led to an inadequate representation of both prose and verse, and that the journals and correspondence have a biographical rather than a literary value. From this point of view, his choice is a good one; but we think his judgment in the matter is fairly open to discussion. Let the reader, at all events, understand that it is not Swift that he meets with in these pages, but a piece of him—a significant piece, no doubt.

With the exception of Shakspeare, who is for all time, the Elizabethan age produced no dramatist equal to the author of "The Alchemist." *Plays and Poems by Ben Jonson, with an Introduction by Henry Morley* (Routledge and Sons), contains in a purified, and therefore abbreviated, form four of Jonson's most significant plays, and also some of his poems. The little volume, which belongs to the well-known Universal Library, will enable the general reader to judge very fairly of this distinguished poet's merits. As a dramatist, he does not depict characters so much as "humours." His men and women are not alive, like Shakspeare's; they never could have lived—but the wit, the ingenuity, the fancy, and the artful representation of the incidents, show an intellect of the subtlest order. Jonson, who professed a wish to purge the stage from its foulness, contributed not a little to its moral degradation; and we do not know what

Professor Morley means by saying that "at his merriest he spurns low thought." As a lyric and ethical poet, Ben Jonson is far less known than he deserves to be. One or two of his songs, indeed, are still popular, but his "Forest" and "Underwoods," so rich in imaginative thought, are comparatively unread. We wish that Mr. Morley had inserted the epistle to Sir Robert Wroth, and the lines on Penshurst, two of the most significant of his poems. They show that this dear lover of taverns and of London life had a deep feeling also for the purer and more satisfying enjoyments of the country. But the poems selected for this volume are all worthy of "rare Ben," and characteristic of him.

Readers who like above all things to be amused in idle moments will find much to gratify their taste in *Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors, Collected and Annotated by Walter Hamilton*, Vol. I. (Reeves and Turner). The volume, which contains parodies of the poems of Lord Tennyson, Longfellow, Bret Harte, Wolfe, and Hood, is the first instalment of a collection which the editor hopes to make as complete as possible. "When the older masters of our literature are reached," he writes, "a great deal of curious and amusing information will be given; and it is intended to conclude with a complete bibliographical account of parody." It is possible that in his zeal Mr. Hamilton may give the public too much of a kind of humour in itself of the lowest order, and attractive to cultivated minds only when, as in the case of "Rejected Addresses," of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," and of some of Mr. Calverley's efforts, it is of the finest quality. Here, for instance, are about thirty parodies of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," several of them dismally weak parodies; and there are thirty also of various degrees of excellence or no excellence of Tennyson's "May Queen." Of some of these, it may be said that the art of the rhymester could scarcely descend lower. There is nothing more irritating to the lover of poetry than to have ridiculous but not humorous lines recalled when reading some lovely lyric. It is only humour that makes a parody tolerable; and the true humourist is almost as rare in this world as the poet. Mr. Hamilton would seem, by-the-way, to have a personal dislike to Lord Tennyson, which we doubt not, however, the Poet Laureate will bear with equanimity.

As a study of character formed on a pessimistic estimate of life, *Ichabod, a Portrait*, by Bertha Thomas, two vols. (Fisher, Unwin), is clever and suggestive. Ichabod, a man with considerable mental powers and belief in himself, undertakes to reform society by destroying what he calls the emotional element. He detests all sentiment, does not believe in virtue, cares nothing for nature, and in a beautiful park sees nothing but seven hundred acres of waste land, which he would like to cut up in building lots. As Ianthe Lee, the heroine of the story says, he would turn cities into factories, the country into market gardens, and "humanity into an automaton to work them." For music his contempt is ineffable; and when on a lecturing tour, he is disgusted to find a violin-player winning a triumph to which he can make no pretension. Finding that the landlord of the inn regards music and all art as useless, he considers there ought to be freemasonry between Utilitarians, and asks him to smoke with him. Alas! the inn-keeper has a sentiment; he is passionately fond of flowers. Ichabod tries to reform him by pointing out the superior utility of vegetables; but the man will not be persuaded. "I don't know what you are driving at," he says; "but if flowers aren't the sweetest, prettiest, purest things alive, may I never see my musk roses in bloom again." To which assertion Ichabod replies by observing that the uselessness of flowers is too obvious to need comment. Ichabod

undertakes to convert to his opinions a young man, Tony Sebright by name, whose natural character is entirely opposed to that of his friend. He is passionate, enthusiastic, full of sentiment and intellect; and, to the disgust of Ichabod, falls in love with a beautiful actress. Of this complaint he is cured by the far from praiseworthy efforts of his mentor, only to fall far more deeply in love with Ianthe Lee, whose charms have even moved the cold heart of Ichabod. When Tony and Ianthe marry, as of course, after some prettily described courting, they are bound to do, Ichabod grows more and more hopeless and discontented, and finally commits suicide. As a story, there is comparatively little in these volumes to attract the novel reader; as a study, it has many clever points, and the description of an enthusiastic entomologist who thinks little of his life in comparison with the safety of "sixteen valuable beetles, and a moth of unspeakable rarity," contrasted with the cold-blooded indifference of Ichabod, has a touch of genuine humour.

The sea is becoming more and more a favourite path of tourists in quest of health and pleasure and of the gratification of intelligent curiosity. The voyages of the steam-yacht Ceylon, belonging to the "Ocean Steam-Yacht Company, Limited," have attracted many passengers of this class; and one of them, a twelvemonth ago, was Surgeon-General Munro, M.D., C.B., the veteran Army Medical officer, whose "Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders" was accepted as a very pleasant book. *A Two Months' Cruise in the Mediterranean* (Hurst and Blackett), the title of his present publication, is recommended by our acquaintance with the former volume, as the author has proved his faculty of treating with freshness and originality topics which do not possess the claim of absolute novelty, but which have an abiding interest for congenial readers. Dr. Munro's impressions of the nobly situated city of Lisbon, the romantic scenery of Cintra, the mighty Rock and British military fortress of Gibraltar, and of Malaga, Granada, and the Alhambra; of the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, Minorca and Port Mahon, Nice and the Riviera, Corsica, the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompeii; further, of Sicily, with Palermo, Messina, and the distant view of Etna; of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, of Athens, with its renowned monuments of classic antiquity; and, on the returning voyage, Malta, Tunis, the site of Carthage, and the mixture of French colonisation with Arab costumes and manners at Algiers, may be perused with no little entertainment. He had visited some of those places before, Gibraltar and Malta, of course, in his early years of professional service; but his lively regard for historical associations, and his love of the picturesque aspects of Nature and human life, have a sympathetic influence that makes him an agreeable literary companion in this tour of the inland sea of the Old World. The months of January and February, which are apt to be dreary in England, might be worse spent than in such a trip on board the Ceylon.

Mr. William Barber, Q.C., of the Chancery Bar, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in place of the late Mr. Overend, Q.C.

Captain Sir George Strong Nares has been granted by the Lords of the Admiralty a good-service pension of £150 a year; and a distinguished service reward has been conferred on Major-General Dalrymple Prendergast, V.O., Commanding the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, who gained the Victoria Cross for gallantry in the Indian Mutiny Campaign.

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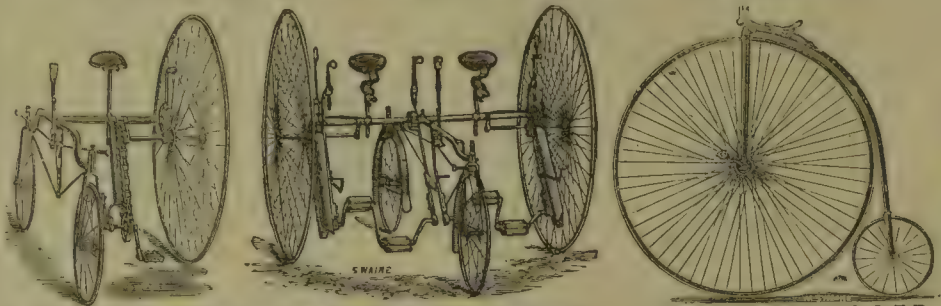
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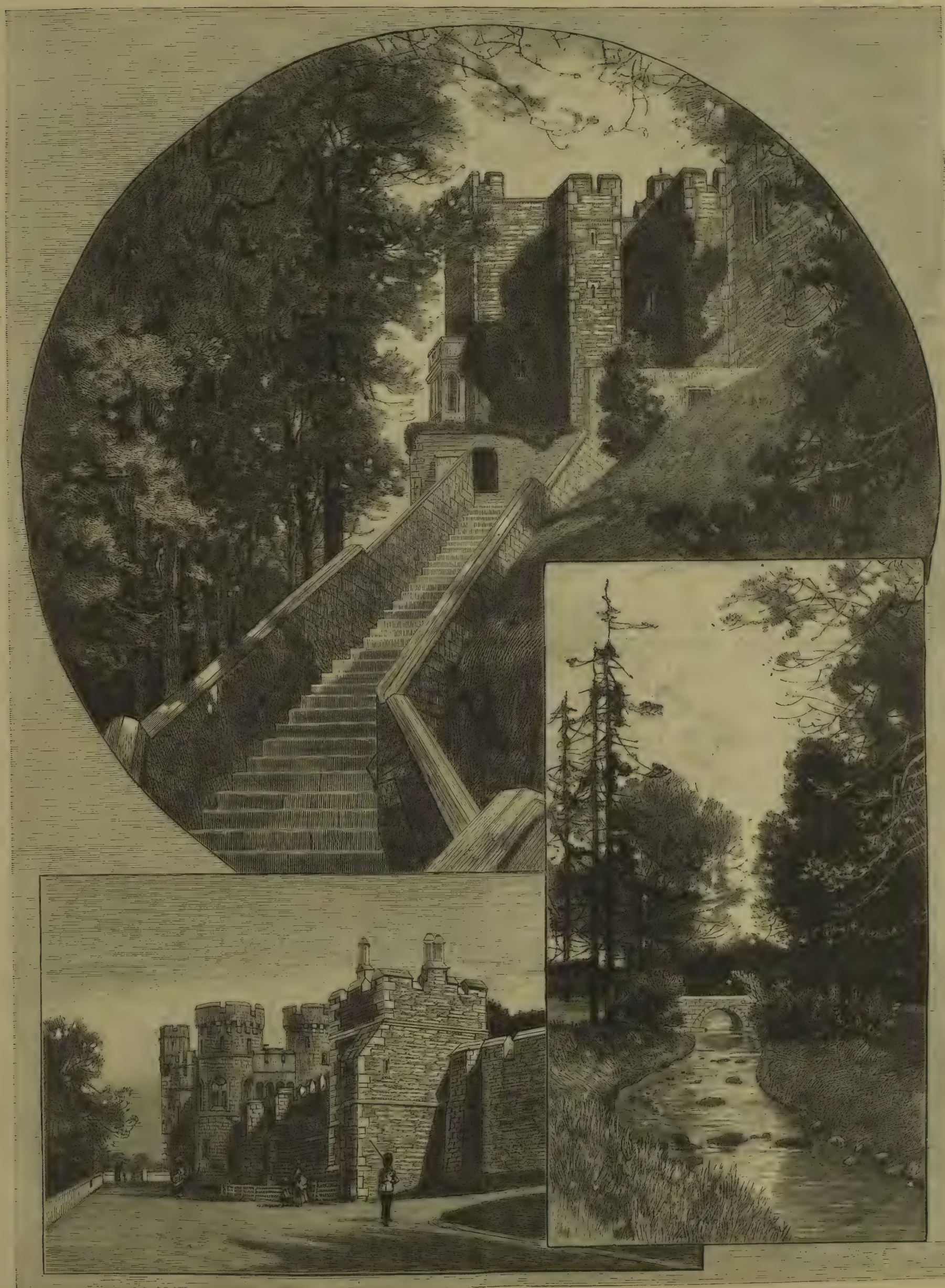
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. 1. WINDSOR CASTLE.



The North Terrace.

The Hundred Steps.

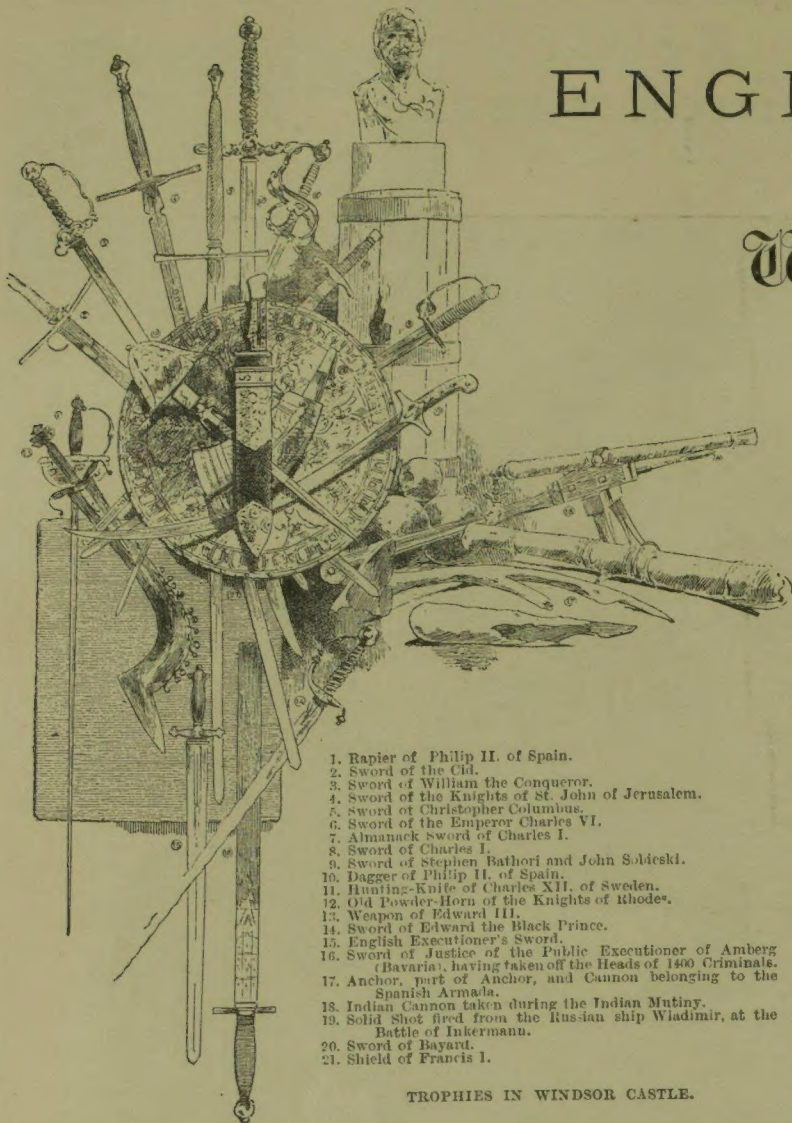
In the Private Garden of the Queen.



# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. I.

## Windsor Castle.



1. Rapier of Philip II. of Spain.
2. Sword of the Cid.
3. Sword of William the Conqueror.
4. Sword of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.
5. Sword of Christopher Columbus.
6. Sword of the Emperor Charles VI.
7. Almanack sword of Charles I.
8. Sword of Charles I.
9. Sword of Stephen Bathori and John Sobieski.
10. Dagger of Philip II. of Spain.
11. Hunting-Knife of Charles XII. of Sweden.
12. Old Powder-Horn of the Knights of Rhodes.
13. Weapon of Edward III.
14. Sword of Edward the Black Prince.
15. English Executioner's Sword.
16. Sword of Justice of the Public Executioner of Amberg (Bavaria), having taken off the Heads of 1400 Criminals.
17. Anchor, part of Anchor, and Cannon belonging to the Spanish Armada.
18. Indian Cannon taken during the Indian Mutiny.
19. Solid shot fired from the Russian ship Wladimir, at the Battle of Inkermann.
20. Sword of Bayard.
21. Shield of Francis I.

TROPHIES IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

OF ENGLISH HOMES, the first is that at Windsor—that Castle whose home-life has been made so familiar to all of us, by many pleasant revelations from the highest of its inmates. Naturally, then, one begins with Windsor Castle; without apology, one tries to tell in a few words its story, to give some notion of the place, and of all around it and about it.

You have only to go down by rail from Paddington or Waterloo, past the homely old-fashioned villages, Datchet and Wrybury, an hour takes you to Windsor, and you are climbing the steep street that winds round the Castle. The town is picturesque, with quaintly named streets: Peascod-street, Sheet-street, Bier-street. You leave the bridge, a quarter of a mile across which stands the beautiful college of Eton, with its glorious chapel, grey and yellow with age, amid the dark brick schools. Up the hill, then, to the Castle; passing, if you have come by the London and South-Western, by the Hundred Steps, which wind from the first bend of Thames-street round and about up to the Canons' Cloisters; by the fine Curfew (or, as it was of old called, the Bell) Tower, rising high above you at the midmost point of the street; and finally sharp round by the Salisbury Tower, the south-west corner of the Castle, leaving on your right the comfortable, clean High-street of an English country town—with its large, handsome inns, good townhall, and the inevitable pony carriage waiting at a sadler's door. These are fitting surroundings for Windsor Castle; the old houses on the left side of Thames-street, which were not long ago pulled down, completely spoiled and hid the beauty of its walls. There has seldom been a "restoration" so unquestionably right as their removal.

By a very recent and very good change in the regulations, the visitor now gets his tickets (to view the State Apartments, &c.) in the Castle itself, at a little window in the wall, on the left hand, just as you are approaching the Round Tower; though for nearly all that is to be seen no ticket nor formality is necessary. The old plan was to send the tickets for distribution (gratis) to some neighbouring shop, where one always felt as if in getting them one ought to buy something "for the good of the house"—photographic views, probably, if it were a bookseller's.

But now, having got his ticket, the unwary traveller's troubles begin—troubles which Dickens's admirable "Dictionary of the Thames" describes so well that it is expedient to quote the very words. "The arrangement of the hours given to sightseers," says the Dictionary, "is so peculiar as almost to suggest the idea that the Grand Steward of Windsor, or the Constable of Windsor Castle, on whichever of those amiable German Princes the duty of making such arrangements may devolve, has been running a match against the trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum for a puzzle prize. Mark the subtlety of that arrangement by which the public are permitted to view the Round Tower on any day from eleven to three in winter and from eleven to four in summer; while to see the Curfew Tower, application must be made to Mr. Gower, the belfry-keeper; and, to contemplate the Royal Mews, Mr. Moon, at the Castle-hill entrance, must be interviewed between the hours of one and three. Still, these objects of interest are open on any day. Now, the Albert Chapel is open every Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday from twelve to three without tickets; while St. George's Chapel may be viewed every day, except Wednesday, between the hours of 12.30 and four. This is not all, however, for if we go to Windsor we must see the state apartments. These are open to the public, during the absence of the Queen and the Court, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, on production of tickets. . . . We struggle to arrange a table of days. The first fact we realise is that we had better not go to Windsor on Saturday. On Wednesday we should "be shut out of St. George's and the State apartments; while if we went on Monday or Tuesday we should be shut out of the Albert Chapel. We therefore fall back upon Thursday or Friday, with the reflection that persons in authority might just as well have said so at once, and saved us the mental agony of working out the puzzle for ourselves."

Starting thus, say on a Thursday, we may as well begin with what lies before us as we enter through the handsome gateway named after Henry VIII. We are in the lowest of

west end of the chapel, are the seats of the Sovereign and Princes of the blood Royal; and facing these, over the altar, is the Albert Memorial Window, of rich stained glass. North and south, too, the windows are coloured and blazoned with the cognizances of Knights of the Order.

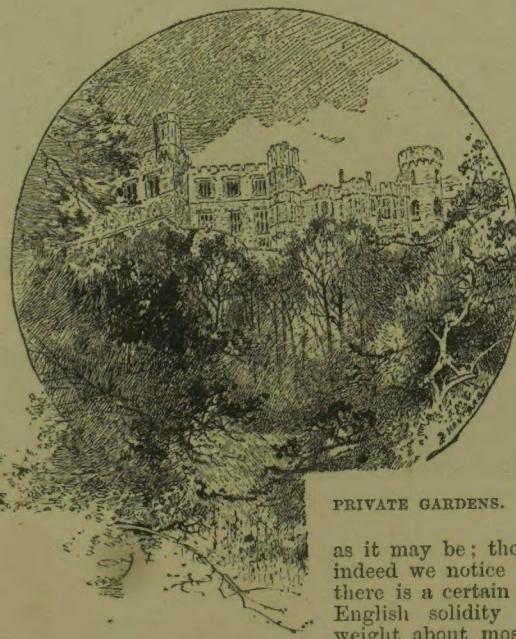
Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and Charles I. are buried in the Royal vault beneath the centre of the choir, whose reopening, in 1813, by order of the then Prince Regent, suggested Byron's celebrated and ferocious lines:—

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies.  
Between them stands another sceptred thing:  
It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king.  
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
In him the double tyrant starts to life.

Here are also buried Edward IV. and his Queen, and Henry VI.—who was to have been canonised, it is said, only "the demands of the Pope were too exorbitant"; a fact which throws a quaint little side-light upon the calendar of saints. And there is an irony in the remembrance of Henry VIII.'s elaborate directions for a magnificent monument to himself, to be 28 ft. high, with 134 statues and twenty-four bas-reliefs: all which was "to show that famous princes leaving behind great fame do never die"—and was never carried out.

Outside the choir, there will perhaps be nothing more interesting for the moment than the marble effigy of the Prince Imperial—immediately on the right as you enter the chapel—erected by his mother, and bearing those sad and almost prophetic words written by the young man as he started on his unhappy expedition. Out of place as a monument would doubtless have been in Westminster Abbey, there seems no reason why the Queen should not in her own residence thus honour a personal friend of Imperial birth. And the plain recumbent statue is a great relief to the eye after that wonderful cenotaph of Princess Charlotte—a thing that the very guide-books rise against.

Leaving St. George's Chapel by the broad and handsome (modern) flight of steps at its west entrance, we descend to the Horse-shoe Cloisters—oddly described, in Norden's map, in the days of James I., as "The Kew: Petite Canons Lodgings." Here live the lay-clerks—we are not quite certain what a lay-clerk is—in the prettiest little semicircle, or abbreviated horseshoe of red brick cottages. The doors all open into neat little cloisters, with creeping plants and flowers, some swinging in pots from the arches; and on each door is written the name of the lay clerk within—Mr. Smith, Mr. Robinson,



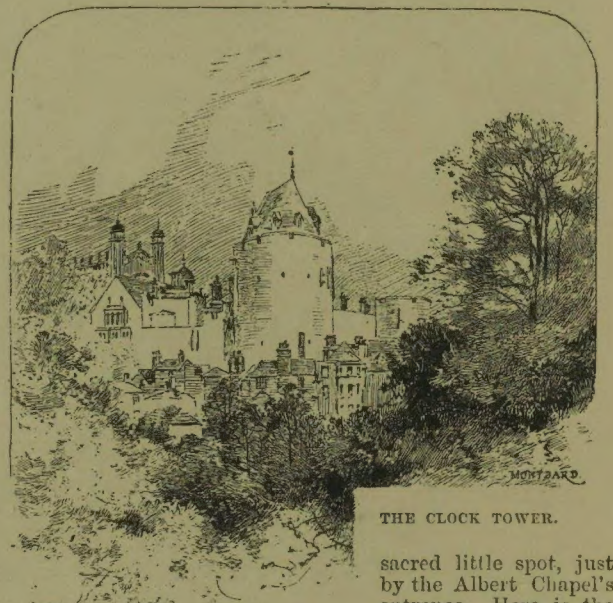
PRIVATE GARDENS.

as it may be; though indeed we notice that there is a certain old-English solidity and weight about most of

the names, which seems entirely in keeping. They are generally in two syllables, with plenty of consonants, and an air of fourteenth-century spelling about them.

In colour, these Horseshoe Cloisters are among the most satisfactory things in the whole place. You cannot go very far wrong with bricks, new or old; but new stone is a very different matter. In the time of George IV. the whole Castle was thoroughly renovated, very much rebuilt, and a good deal pulled down. A great deal of restoration was no doubt necessary, and much of what was done was in excellent taste—above all, the architect (Sir Jeffry Wyattville) made it his first object to preserve the Castle as it stood under Edward III.; while the heightening the Round Tower—by 50 ft. we believe—was an improvement of incalculable value, a true stroke of genius. Yet it is unquestionable that in the Windsor Castle of to-day, with its towers of (comparatively) small white stones, in unimpeachable repair and of the most uniform colour and surface, there is a neatness as of new pins, an air of respectability which is entirely unhistorical—for indeed nothing is less respectable than history. Now, observe how fine are the three western towers—called Salisbury, Garter, and Curfew—all built by Henry III. Their best aspect is perhaps that of which we have already spoken—from Thames-street, as one ascends from the station; but the views from their summits are also extremely fine. And a little bit further on, from a platform north-west of the Curfew Tower (whence one is straitly enjoined to throw no stones into the street below), there is quite another view, very homely, and very interesting and pleasant: one sees the red houses, the pretty country beyond, and then just under one's nose the commonplace serviceable thoroughfare to the river, known as Bier-street. After castles and cenotaphs and banners, there is something very human in this common bit of street.

Now let us leave it (casting no stones below), and, passing quickly by the houses of the Canons, and leaving to our left their cloisters and the Winchester Tower and the top of the Hundred Steps, get us back to the Albert Memorial Chapel, where indeed we ought to have been this long while—yet not neglecting on our way the Dean's Cloister, a very sweet and



THE CLOCK TOWER.

sacred little spot, just by the Albert Chapel's entrance. Here is the place, of all places in this great Castle, to sit quietly for a while on one of the stone benches by the wall, reading

perhaps the quaint epitaphs of old valiant knights, or only looking at the little square of sunlight on the grass, and thinking of the deaths of kings, or of their famous lives, according to one's nature.

Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect chosen by the Queen to restore and beautify the building anciently known as Wolsey's Tomb House, in honour of the Prince Consort; and the work has been done with an effect, as the "Dictionary" already quoted well says, of "almost overpowering" richness. "The roof literally blazes with the Salvati mosaics, and the light entering through the stained-glass windows is enriched with gorgeous dyes." One of the most interesting objects in this small chapel—it is only 68 ft. long—is the cenotaph, of black and gold marble, with the recumbent statue of Prince Albert, in armour of the fourteenth century (why, does not exactly appear), executed in Carrara marble. One is reminded a little of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, with its gold and marble, by the style of splendour of this chapel; but here the evil influences of English weather and London smoke are happily avoided.

Facing the Albert and St. George's Chapels are the houses of the "Military Knights"—old gentlemen whose declining days are made comfortable (and very comfortable, we are happy to think) on tenure, apparently, by a service which would seem to consist of occasionally wearing a rather odd uniform. Beyond the Military Knights, we do not think that anything of very great interest—except, it may be, Henry III.'s Tower on our right—remains to be looked at in the Lower Ward: so we go to the next, or Middle Ward, in which stands the Round Tower, surrounded by an ancient fosse, now partly filled up and ornamented with particularly quaint and appropriate flower-beds.

To the Round Tower we pass under a very beautiful Norman gateway—massive, simple, and grand—a fitting entry for a palace. Immediately on the right, when this is passed, begin the innumerable steps—though, by-the-way, the children coming down always count them and always disagree as to their number—which do in the end lead to the summit of the Round Tower.

Coming down stairs—and noticing the great bell from Moscow, which children (some of them rather large) can never resist sounding—a picturesque gateway with steps leads down to the northern terrace, while a sharp turn to the right brings us facing the entrance to the state apartments, with, still on our right, the irregular quadrangle of the Upper Ward. Here, at the western end, is the statue of Charles II.; on the south, the great gateway of George IV., and the visitors' apartments



ENGLISH HOMES.—No. 1. WINDSOR CASTLE.



WINDSOR CASTLE.



of the palace, with, at the extreme end, the Victoria Tower; eastward lie the private apartments of the Queen, and northward the state apartments, into which we will now go.

It is a public day, and a little group of the public is waiting in the ante-room at the top of the staircase for the guide who, every quarter of an hour, "personally conducts" a party through the rooms. They are oddly made up, these parties; fortunately for the guide, they usually include several British workmen, or very small tradesmen, and their wives—an infinitely better audience for little jokes or impressive statements than haughty members of the educated middle class, who are always on their dignity in public. On the day of our visit there was an old fellow, the most perfect reproduction of one of the coachmen in "Pickwick," who persisted in waiting in every room till he was actually forced by the guide to move into the next, but who displayed great inarticulate joy at hearing the price of various articles of vertu. He had a particular snort of triumph for any sum over ten thousand pounds, which pleased our guide exceedingly; for this guide was a nice old gentleman, who thoroughly enjoyed his work, and who, having loudly made a statement for the benefit of the entire assembly, was wont, out of pure kindness-heartedness, to repeat it *sotto voce* in the ear of some favoured individual.

First he took us to the Audience, then to the Presence Chamber; in both of which the ceiling is covered with the "sprawling goddesses" of Verrio—in each room the central figure is Catherine of Braganza, behaving allegorically—and the walls are covered with the story of Esther, told in Gobelin tapestry, really wonderful in its perfect preservation and vivid colour. The carved work of Grinling Gibbons in the Presence Chamber is extremely fine.

Next to these comes the Guard Chamber, one of the most interesting in the palace. It is stored with arms, picturesque in their evident readiness for use; and contains many trophies of unequalled interest. Among these are a part of the forearm of the Victory, with a colossal bust of Nelson, by Chantrey, and a shot fired from the Santissima Trinidad. There are also busts of Wellington and Marlborough, with banners above them: the estates of Strathfieldsaye and Blenheim are held upon the tenure of an annual presentation—on the 18th of June and the 2nd of August—of these flags. Then there are the complete suits of armour of many princes; a beautiful silver shield by Benvenuto Cellini (this name was a great triumph to our guide), given by Francis to Henry on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; a trophy from Zululand; King Koffee's umbrella; and—of all things—a chair called Burns's, made of oak from the roof of Alloway Kirk. *Que fait il dans cette galère?*

St. George's Hall, the grand banquetting-room, which comes next, first strikes one as much too long for its width; and, indeed, these are not its original proportions—it looks far better as one stands some 40 ft. from the door. Still, it is a fine room, and particularly well suited for its purpose. On its ceiling are painted the arms of all the Knights of the Garter, and their names are on the walls—almost last is that of Lord Beaconsfield, a self-made man among the countless emperors and kings. The last banquet in this hall was given when the late Czar was here; and the value of the service of gold then used delighted beyond measure our old gentleman from Dickens.

The Waterloo Chamber is said, by the guide-book of to-day, to be "in the style of architecture which flourished in the time of Elizabeth"; yet, when it was built by our "Sailor King," the irreverent compared it to the cabin of a ship. It contains the portraits of nearly every eminent man connected with the Battle of Waterloo—excepting one, Napoleon, who it is said was there. The chandeliers in this room are magnificent, and the tapestry very fine.

After these are the Grand Reception-Room, all in gold, with the story of Jason in tapestry on its walls, and the Throne-Room—along which the Siamese Ambassadors crawled on their stomachs to the further end, where her Majesty was sitting to receive them. The prevailing colour in this room is the rich Garter-blue.

The Rubens Room is of an ugly red, but the pictures are very fine—some of them are splendid examples of the dashing, exuberant strength of the master. Further on are a Zuccarelli Room—with some beautiful things—and a Vandyke Room, formerly called the Ball-Room, in which are twenty-seven portraits by Vandyke, almost all of very great historical interest: three of Charles I. (one from three points of view, painted for Bernini, who was to execute his bust), four of Charles II. as a boy, and three of James, with five of Henrietta Maria.

In the State Ante-Room (the "King's Public Dining-Room" of Charles II.) are some fine carving by Grinling Gibbons and a curious transparency of George III., doubly reflected by mirrors, and painted on glass from a portrait by Reynolds.

Into the private apartments one can only go with a special order from the Lord Chamberlain, and this is very seldom given. Their principal interest lies in the marvellous collection of what our fathers called "curiosities," to be found in the Grand Corridor—520 ft. in length, and extending round the south and east sides of the Quadrangle—and in the drawing-rooms. The porcelain is literally without a rival, and includes the most famous set of Sèvres in existence—the service made for Louis XIV., and afterwards acquired by George IV. The extraordinary Oriental trophies, too, and the wonderful pictures, must be "seen to be believed"—only, unfortunately, by the outer world they must not be seen.

From the windows of all these rooms, except those which look into the Quadrangle, one sees the splendid terrace upon which, whatever the weather, Elizabeth used to "take exercise" with a vigour worthy of a Virgin Queen. Everyone has admired this terrace, with its lovely views over town, wood-land, and meadows: Miss Burney gives us a charming picture of the little Princess walking gravely there, and Pepys says, prettily, "It is the most romantic castle that is in the world. But Lord! the prospect that is in the balcony in the Queen's lodgings, the terrace and the walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure."

This, leaving for the moment the Park and Virginia Water, is a brief catalogue of what is best worth seeing in Windsor Castle; now let us fulfil our promise of sketching, as shortly as may be, what most notable things have happened there—who built, besieged, and defended it.

It is a far cry from Queen Victoria of to-day to the mythical Arthur; yet Froissart says that he held his Round Table at Windsor—a statement which cuts both



LEADING TO THE CLOISTERS.

ways, proving both the age of the Castle and the existence of the King. A story told by William of Malmesbury about a miracle—the cure of a blind man by Edward the Confessor, after which the healed one was placed in charge of "the Royal palace at Windsor"—though it be not conclusive as to the saintly miracle, proves less doubtfully that in Edward's day the Royal palace was there to be taken charge of.

A strict regard for truth compels us to add that this prototype of the Windsor Castle of to-day was probably at Old Windsor, some five miles nearer London than the comparatively modern buildings; but even were this fact more certain than it is, the first Royal residence deserves at least a mention in any account of the present.

We are treading on surer ground, however, when we come to the date at which—until Freeman and his disciples—the English history of schools practically began. William I., conqueror of our, by hypothesis, unconquerable Fatherland—undoubtedly built a Castle on the brow of the hill two miles north-west of Old Windsor: it is quite possible that, if we only knew it, some of the bricks are there "at this day to testify it." We also know that he sometimes lived at Windsor; but here again the doubt as to whether it was Old or New steps in. Probably it was Old Windsor; that grim Norman castle was most likely at the first little more than a stronghold built on the strongest military point of those parts, and designed rather to keep enemies out and prisoners in than to add very much of sweetness or light to the lives of its occupants.

Soon enough, indeed, is it mentioned as a State prison: first in 1095, in the reign of William's red-haired son. The Earl of Northumberland did not pay his respects at the Court of this monarch, having very reasonable fears as to what might be his treatment there; and William straightway attacked him at his fortress of Bamborough Castle. Thence the Earl escaped; but was captured, and became the first of a long line of illustrious prisoners at Windsor. From his time onwards, in fact, the history of the Castle is but a chronicle of fightings and captivities, mixed with constant builders' accounts and varied by an occasional marriage.

Next to William Rufus came, the earliest to give something of their present shape to the buildings of the Castle, Henry I. He greatly enlarged the place, and made it more of a home in which a king could live; his buildings would seem to have occupied, roughly speaking, what are now the Middle and Lower Wards. Even of his work, however, nothing remains but the Keep, and that rather in form and position than in actual stone and iron. "Time is an eater of things:" a maxim which only the Romans who invented it seem to have been able to disprove—Roman roads and Roman walls alone stand the wear and tear of the ages.

Henry also added the chapel named after Edward the Confessor, and in it was married and re-crowned—a ceremony then generally performed at the marriage of the King. At this second coronation a scene occurred only possible in the roughest of those rough times. William, Archbishop of Canterbury, was to have crowned the King, but his fierce rival, Thurstan, Archbishop of York, tried to secure for himself the performance of the ceremony. His cross-bearer actually carried the sacred emblem into the chapel—and had to be turned out therefrom, "neck and crop." We cannot conceive the possibility of such a scene nowadays.

Through the wars of Maud and Stephen the Castle seems to have passed untroubled; but special mention is made of it in a charter supplementary to the treaty of Wallingford, by which the English throne was given to Stephen for life, then to Henry, Duke of Normandy (afterwards Henry II.), and his heirs. "By the consent of Holy Church," said Stephen in this charter, "I have made unto the Duke such assurance of my castles and fortresses that at my death the Duke may not suffer any damage or delay in acquiring possession of the kingdom. The Tower of London and the Fortress of Windsor, with the consent of Holy Church, are delivered to Richard de Lacy, safely to be kept; and Richard de Lacy has sworn, and has delivered his son in pledge, to remain in the hands and custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that after my decease he shall deliver the Castle to the Duke." The pledge seems odd to us nowadays: one wonders how the poor boy passed his time, "in the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury"—whether it was a sort of honourable captivity, or was only like being at boarding-school: though, by-the-by, Richard de Lacy's son was possibly a full-grown man.

This trusteeship of Windsor Castle seems to have passed off satisfactorily; a good deal, as money went in those days, was spent in works about the Castle—£135 16s. 8d. in one year, £188 4s. 6d. in three others, of which £20 were for repairs to the walls. But the next guardian had by no means such an easy time of it.

This was Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham and Chief Justiciar of England, to whom Richard Cœur de Lion, on his departure for the Crusades, granted its custody, with the forest, and the shrievalty of the county of Berks. But the famous William Longchamp, Pudsey's great rival, managed to decoy him to a meeting in the Castle of Tickhill—where he was seized and detained until he had surrendered Castle, forest, and shrievalty, as well as the earldom of Northumberland!

This was pretty well, even for those days; but Longchamp was not the only one who could play at that game. The Castle passed to and from his keeping more than once, John (nicknamed Lackland) doing what he could to outshine the churchman in violence and contempt for ordinary scruples. At last William Longchamp was deposed, and compelled to

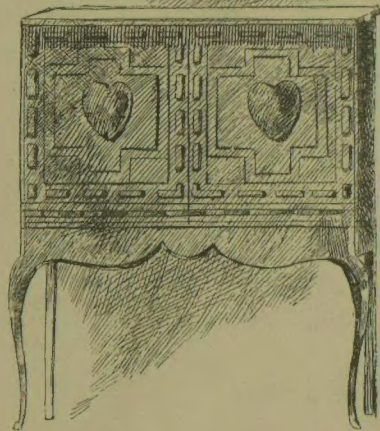
surrender the Tower and Windsor to the Archbishop of Rouen, who—it seems odd in these more English days—was made Chancellor in his place.

The struggle was now between the French Archbishop, with the Barons—not yet English—of England, on his side; and Prince John on the other. In 1193 John, with no great difficulty, took the Castle; but the Barons, rising to oppose his army of Welshmen and foreigners, at once besieged it. The operations were under the command of the Archbishop—evidently of the Church militant—and the Castle held out a long time. At last the garrison lost heart and fled; but were caught, and, as Holinshed says, "put to worthy execution." In these confused and ignoble struggles it is often difficult to say which side was worthier to be punished; but it is perhaps fair to assume that John would always contrive to be in the wrong.

It was in his days, when he became King, that occurred one of the most famous or infamous tragedies which are connected with the name of Windsor; though whether it really took place here is by no means a certain thing—there is some evidence that Corfe Castle was its scene. William de Braose was a knight from whom the King had a good deal of difficulty in getting the rent he claimed in respect of certain lands in Ireland (history, by-the-way, certainly *does* repeat itself). The Knight resisted, *vi et armis*; but John—according to the Annals of Margam—crossed to Ireland and captured William's wife, Maud de Braose, and his son, whom he imprisoned, first at Bristol, then at Windsor. Their ransom was fixed at 50,000 marks; but William fled to France instead of paying it. Then the King, says another chronicler (the one who gives Corfe as their place of imprisonment), ordered mother and son to be inclosed in a room with a sheaf of wheat and a piece of raw bacon. On the eleventh day their prison was opened, and they were found both dead; the mother was sitting upright between her son's legs, with her head leaning back on his breast, whilst he was also in a sitting posture, with his face turned towards the ground. Maud de Braose, in her last pangs of hunger, had gnawed the cheeks of her son, then probably dead.

Part of John's punishment, and perhaps the bitterest part, took place not long after this, within a mile or two of Windsor, at Runnymede, the old "field of the council," as its name denotes, now the field of that council of Barons which wrung from him his consent to the great Charter. Next year Windsor Castle was besieged, while the King was ravaging Norfolk and Suffolk; but the Barons soon raised the siege, and marched to attack John himself.

The long reign of his successor was, perhaps, as important as any in the annals of the Castle. Henry III. built a new great hall in the Lower Ward, and the three towers already mentioned as his work, continued the wall on the south side of the same ward, and added the tower now known by his name; and, chief perhaps of all, the chapel whose place was first filled by Henry VII.'s Tomb House, which, again, was greatly reconstructed by Wolsey, and which was finally converted into the Albert Chapel of to-day. It is probable, too, that he built the Norman Tower, which now forms a gateway between the Upper and Middle Wards.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' CABINET.

In 1264, during the Barons' War, Prince Edward carried off by a surprise the military chest of the City of London, and defended its treasures in Windsor Castle—which he lost and recovered a good many times during the war. However, in 1265, he had the pleasure of imprisoning the chief citizens of London there, till they paid a heavy fine for their adherence to Simon de Montfort.

The next great "Windsor King" was Edward III., born there, to whose Order of the Garter the Castle owes so much of its fame. There is really no need to repeat again that little scandal about Lady Salisbury, but I may say that, however it originated, the creation of the Order was a brilliant stroke of policy. The Garter is unquestionably the most famous of all chivalric orders, and there is no doubt that it completely served the turn of the ambitious Prince who founded it. The first installation took place on St. George's Day, 1349, with magnificent ceremonies and jousts—in which latter the King's ringing and characteristic motto was

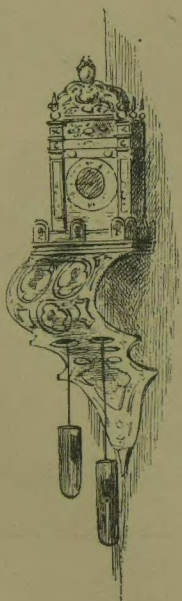
*Hay hay, the wythe swan  
By God's soul I am thy man!*

But even these festivities were outdone by the tournament and rejoicing held in honour of his prisoner, King John of France, taken at Poitiers in 1357. Edward seems to have been a little surprised that his captive did not enjoy himself more; but the French King was quite shrewd enough to see that feasts "in honour of" a prisoner, were yet more "in honour of" his conqueror. In 1356 Edward intrusted the works of rebuilding and improvement to the famous William of Wykeham, who built the Winchester Tower, and became Bishop of Winchester.

Shakspeare has described for us the next great historical scene here acted: the combat, before Richard II., between Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and Henry of Lancaster. How both the combatants were banished, and how one returned, everyone knows—even that "merest schoolboy" of fiction. And then, close after our mention of Shakspeare, two other poets' names rise to greet us—Chaucer, clerk of the works of St. George's Chapel at two shillings a day (it was a good deal then), and James, afterwards the First of Scotland, prisoner for eighteen years in the Round Tower. Here he saw and loved Jane of Beaufort, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt; and—which really is odd—they were actually married, and became King and Queen of Scotland, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Another poet was imprisoned in the Round Tower a century later—the Earl of Surrey, one of the band of courtly versifiers who surrounded that "bright occidental star," Elizabeth, in the days when, as would seem, every gentleman could not only write his sonnet but could put classic and genuine poetry into it. This prisoner, too, had his lady-love, the fair Geraldine, and they were married—but, alas! they married other persons: yet also, very possibly, lived happily ever after.

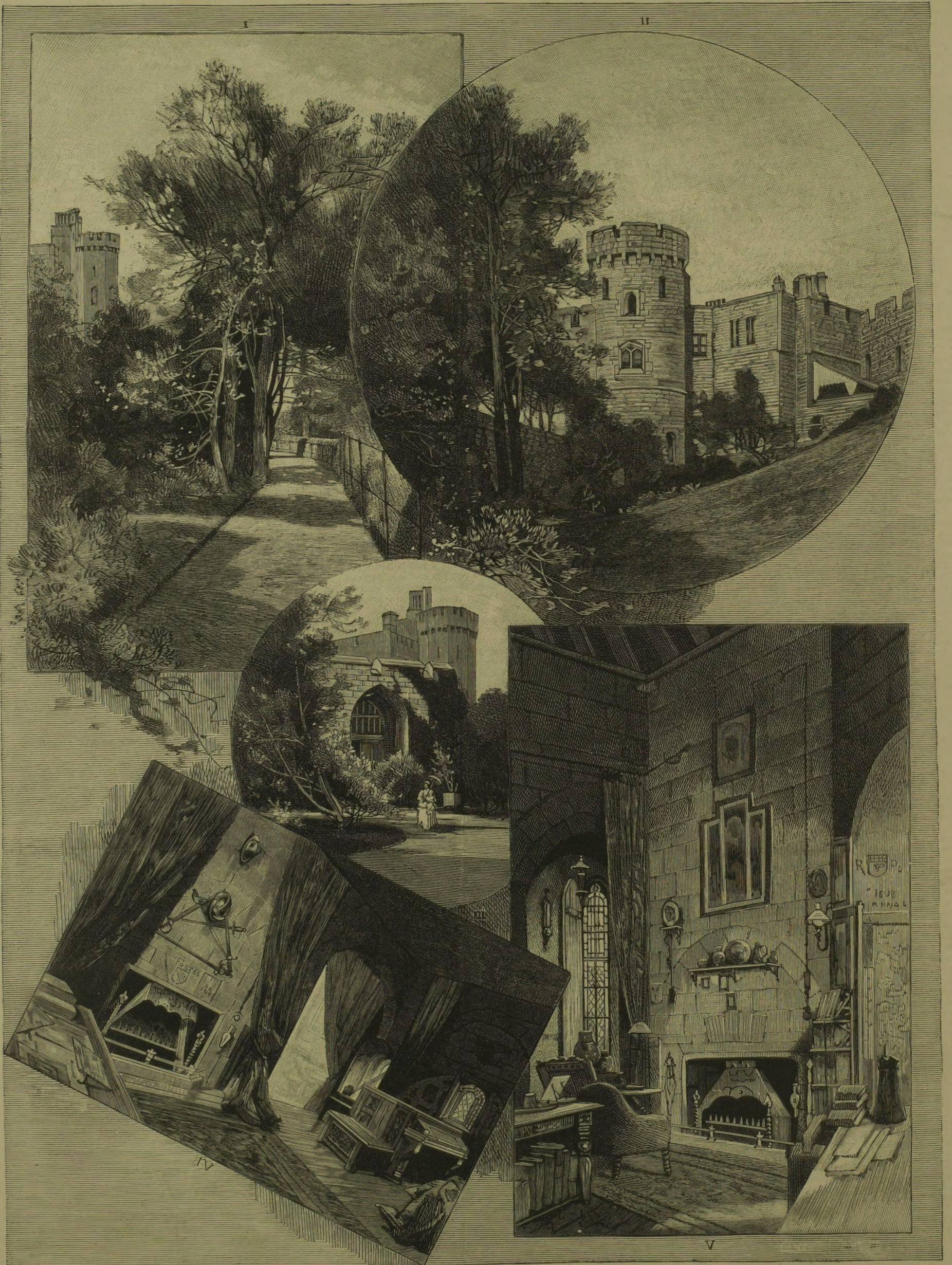
EDWARD ROSE.



CLOCK PRESENTED BY HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN.



ENGLISH HOMES.—No. I. WINDSOR CASTLE.



1. Favourite Walk of the Queen on the East Terrace.  
4. Cavaliers' Room in the Norman Tower. (Second Room.)

2. The Norman Tower.  
5. Cavaliers' Room in the Norman Tower. (First Room.)

3. Entrance to the Private Gardens.